



LYRA HELLENICA,

OR

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

MODERN BRITISH POETS

INTO

GREEK IAMBIC VERSE.

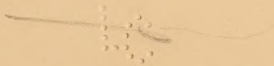
Edward Herbert
BY

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SECOND EDITION, MUCH ENLARGED.

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IN ACADEMIAM OXONIENSEM.

Χαῖρε, τροφος Χαρίτων, φυγάδων τε τὰ φίλτατα Μουσῶν
 ξείνος ἐγὼ, ξείνον δ' οὐκ ἀνέθηκα τόδε.
ἄλλοδαποῦ μὲν ταῦτ' ἀνάθημα· σὺ δ' οὐκ ὀλιγωρεῖς,
 εἴ τις σπουδάζει σοῖσιν ὁμοῖα τρόποις.
νῦν μέγα μὲν κῦδος, τὸ δὲ λοιπὸν μεῖζον ἔσσεσθαι
 σοι γ' οὐκ ἀλλοτρίᾳ εὖχομαι ἀλλότριος.

E. R. H.

PREFATORY REMARKS.

As the first edition of the “*Lyra Hellenica*” has been for some time out of print, it has been deemed desirable to republish it in a form, which will preserve the original work, and, at the same time, serve as a Key for *Teachers* to the “*Exercitationes Iambicæ*.” Its adaptation to the latter purpose will, of course, render its general sale improper; nor will copies be sold to any other than such Gentlemen engaged in tuition as may apply to the Author for them. This restriction of sale has rendered it necessary to make the price of the book considerably higher than it would otherwise have been.

As has been stated in the Preface to the “*Exercitationes Iambicæ*,” these translations aim less at literal exactness, than at a correct imitation of the style and language of the Greek Tragedians. The Author feels but too conscious that his labours have fallen far short of the standard at which he aimed; but he humbly hopes the work will be of some use to Teachers, to whom it is frequently a matter of great consequence to be enabled, by assistance of this kind, to save time in the cor-

rection of exercises. He also desires to state, that he will feel sincerely grateful to any Greek Scholars who will take the trouble to draw his attention to whatever errors or deficiencies they may notice in the work.

The Author feels that some apology is due for his presuming to dedicate so unpretending and humble a Publication to the University of Oxford. He has been impelled to do so simply by feelings of duty and gratitude, unmingled, he trusts, with any undue appreciation of his own labours.

Originally unconnected with the University of Oxford, he has experienced from one of its most ancient and conservative Colleges a liberality of treatment, which has not only won his sincere gratitude and respect, but has convinced him, that many of the charges which are now so lightly and frequently brought against her, as being illiberal and opposed to improvement, are, to say the least, unjust. The President and Fellows of Corpus Christi College have proved the liberality of their views, not only by appointing to the Mastership of a School, of which they are the Patrons, a member of another University, but also by readily permitting him to engraft upon the CLASSICAL COURSE of Instruction all those branches of a useful, ENGLISH EDUCATION, which are now properly believed to be essential to a sound system of mental culture.

The Author however, though thoroughly alive to the importance of these useful, ENGLISH branches

of instruction, is equally convinced, that there is, in the present age, an evil tendency to depreciate unduly the ANCIENT CLASSICAL LEARNING, to which all true education owes so deep a debt, and from which the University of Oxford has gained so bright and unfading a wreath of fame !

The Author has practically proved, in the management of Schools under his charge, his belief in the value of a sound English Education ; and now he would, with equal earnestness, protest against those views, incorrectly styled “utilitarian,” which seek altogether to depreciate Classical Learning, and to represent the great English Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, as little better than antiquated Schools of useless pedantry. As a practical teacher of some experience, he can honestly express his belief, that it is not only possible to combine instruction in useful and “common” things with a high CLASSICAL EDUCATION, but that the latter forms one of the best and readiest high-roads to the former. To the accurate Classical Training of Oxford, and the equally exact Mathematical Instruction of Cambridge, who now also rivals her elder Sister in the arena of Classical distinction, is chiefly due, the Author believes, that character for sound Scholarship, combined with common sense, for which Britons are noted throughout the civilized world.

The following translations have, of necessity, been arranged in the order of the Exercises in the

“Exercitationes Iambicæ;” and in the Appendix will be found, firstly, a few Translations into other Metres, and, secondly, Mr. Jeffery’s Iambic Versions of the Introductory Exercises, which that gentleman was engaged by the Author to arrange and translate. These Translations of the Introductory Exercises will not only be useful as a Key to the Teacher, but also be not unacceptable to the Greek Scholar, who will, it is believed, see in them much to admire.

Some alterations and corrections which have occurred to the Author while the “Exercitationes Iambicæ” has been going through the Press, will be found at the end of the Volume.

Cheltenham Grammar School,

March 8, 1854.

Lyra Hellenica.

PART I.

LYRA HELLENICA.

EXERCISE I.

"The Three Callers," by CHARLES SWAIN.

MORN calleth fondly to a fair boy straying
 'Mid golden meadows, rich with clover dew ;
She calls, but he still thinks of nought save playing,
 And so she smiles, and waves him an adieu !
Whilst he, still merry with his flowery store,
Deems not that MORN, sweet MORN, returns no more !

NOON cometh : but the boy to manhood grown,
 Heeds not the time—He sees but one sweet form,
One fair, young face, from bower of jasmine glowing,
 And all his loving heart with bliss is warm !
So NOON unnoticed seeks the western shore,
And Man forgets that NOON returns no more !

NIGHT tappeth gently at a casement gleaming
 With the thin firelight, flickering faint and low,
By which a gray-haired man is sadly dreaming,
 O'er pleasures gone, as all Life's pleasures go.
NIGHT calls him to her—and he leaves his door,
Silent and dark—and he returns no more !

EXERCISE I.

Ἐν εὐδρόσοις λειμῶσι χρυσαυγούς χλόης
 παίζων ἀλᾶται παῖς τις εὐειδῆς ἰδεῖν·
 πλὴν παιγμάτων τὲ παντὸς ἡμελημένον
 ἕως προσαιδᾶ· καὶ γελῶσα πολλὰ δὴ
 χαίρειν κελεύει, κάκποδὼν φεύγει τάχος.
 ὁ δ' ἡρινοῖσιν ἄνθεσιν τερφθεὶς, τάλας,
 οὐκ οἶδεν αὐτῇ νόστον οὐδέν' ὄντ' ἔτι.
 ἦμαρ μεσοῖ νῦν· ἄλλ' ὁ παῖς ἀνδρούμενος
 χρόνου λέλησται, καὶ μόνον μορφὴν μιὰν
 ἐξ ἀνθεμώδους μαλθακὸν καλύμματος
 βάλλουσιν ὄμμα φιλοφρόνως προσδέσκεται·
 δεινῷ δ' ἔρωτι ζωπυρούμενος, τάλας,
 οὐκ οἶδε νόστον οὐδέν' ἡμέρᾳ μέσῃ,
 ἕως τ' ἄφαντος ἐσπέρους ζητεῖ τόπους.
 νύξ ἔρχεται· καὶ βαθμὸν εἰς ἐφέστιον
 πένητος οἴκου, σπάνιον ἔνθα πῦρ φλέγει,
 ἐλθοῦσα κόπτει τὰς θύρας· ἦσται δέ τις
 λυπαῖσι καμφθεὶς ἔνδον οἰκουρὸς γέρων,
 τέρψεις ἐνίπτων οὔνεκ' οἷχονται βίου.
 χῆ νύξ προσαιδᾶ τὸν γέρονθ'· ὁ δ' ἐκ πυλῶν
 ἄφωνος ἦλθεν οὐδὲ νοστήσει ποτέ.

II.

"A Psalm of Life," by LONGFELLOW.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
 "Life is but an empty dream,"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.

Life is real—Life is earnest!
 And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
 Was not spoken to the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way,
But to act, that each to-morrow
 Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, but time is fleeting,
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
 Funeral marches to the grave.

II.

Μή μοι πότεῖς εἴπῃς τὸν βίον καταστένων
ὥς οἴχεται τοι προσφερὴς οὐκ εἰρασι,
ψυχὴν θ' ὕπνῳ πεσοῦσαν οὐκ ἔμπνουν ἔτι,
τά τ' ὄντα τά τε δοκοῦντα διαφέρειν πάνν.
μὴ δῆτα· δεινὸν ἔργον ἀνθρώπων βίος,
θανόντα δ' ἀγὼν ἀναμένει τύμβου πέρα·
“κόνις γὰρ εἶ σὺ, κεῖς κόνιν τρέπει πάλιν,”
εἰπὲν τις, ἄλλ' οὐκ εἶπε τῆς ψυχῆς πέρι.
οὐ γάρ τι τέρψιν οὐτ' ἀνωφελῇ γόον
βίου τέλος βροτοῖσι προὔθηκεν θεός,
ζῶντας δὲ μοχθεῖν ὥστ' αἰεὶ καθ' ἡμέραν
μέρος προκόπτειν τῆς προκειμένης ὁδοῦ.
τέχνη δ' ἄπληστος, ὥς χρόνος παρέρχεται,
θυμὸς δέ, πολλῇ καίπερ ἀνδρεία φλέγων,
ὥς κώφ' ἀκαίροις τύμπαν' ἐν κτερίσμασιν,
ἄνδρας προπέμπει τὴν πανυστάτην ὁδόν.

III.

The same, continued.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven, cattle,
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant,
Let the dead past bury its dead,
Act—act in the living present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Foot-prints on the sands of time.

Foot-prints, that, perhaps, another
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour, and to wait.

III.

Πρὸς ταῦθ', ἀμιλληθέντες εὐψύχῳ θράσει,
οὐδὲν δὲ κωφῶν ἐν τρόποις βοσκημάτων,
ἄνδρες γένεσθε· νῦν ἀγὼν εὐψυχίας.
χρόνος δ' ὁ μέλλων ἡδὺς, ἔλπιδας θ' ὅμως
σφάλλει, παρελθὼν δ' ᾧ μέλει, μελησάτω·
ὁ δ' αὖ παρὼν ζῇ· τῷ παρόντι νῦν χρόνῳ
χρήσασθε· θάρσει χῶ θεὸς παραστατεῖ.
χῶ πλείστα κοινὴν δόξαν εὐκλείας ἔχων
θανὼν διδάσκει τῆς ἴσης τιμῆς ἐρᾶν
τυχεῖν τ' ἐρῶντας· χῶσπερ ἐν παρακτίαις
ψαμάθοις ποδῶν τιθέντας ἔνδηλον στίβον,
σαφῇ λιπεῖν σημεῖ, ἃ ναυβάτης ἀνὴρ
τάχ' ἂν τις, ὠμῆς ἐκ βίου τρικυμίας
σωθεῖς, ἰδὼν εὐγνώστα θάρσῃσαι πάλιν.
νῦν οὖν ὁ καιρός· εἶα· νῦν ἔργων ἀκμή·
δέξασθε δ' ἥνπερ μοῖραν ἂν κραίνῃ θεός,
ἔργων τ' ἔχεσθε, καὶ πόνον καθ' ἡμέραν
τέλος σκοπεῖτε παντὸς οἷ προβήσεται.

IV.

BYRON'S "*Marino Faliero*," Act III. Scene 2.

DOGE.

You see me here,

As one of you hath said, an old, unarmed,
Defenceless, man : and, yesterday, you saw me
Presiding in the Hall of Ducal State,
Apparent sovereign of our hundred isles,
Robed in official purple, dealing out
The edicts of a power which is not mine,
Nor yours, but of our masters, the patricians.
Why I was there you know, or think you know ;
Why I am *here*, he who hath been most wronged,
He, who among you hath been most insulted,
Outraged and trodden on, until he doubt
If he be worm or no, may answer for me,
Asking of his own heart, what brought him here?

IV.

Γέροντα μὲν τόνδ' ἄνδρα κᾶνοπλον τανῦν,
 ὥς ἀρτίως τις εἶπε, καὶ προβλήματος
 ὄρατ' ἄμοιρον· χθὲς δὲ κᾶν τυραννικοῖς
 ἀρχὴν δόμοις ἄρχοντα τιμιωτάτην,
 τῶν θ' ἑκατὸν ὄντα προσβλέποντι κοίρανον
 νήσων τέλειον, ξὺν δὲ ταῖς ἀλουργεσι
 τυραννίδος ψηφίσματ' ἐνδατούμενον,
 οὐχ οἷ' ἐμοὶ μὲν, οὐδ' ἄρ' οἷ' ὑμῖν δοκεῖ,
 ἀλλ' οἷ' ἐκείνοις τοῖσι γενναίοις φύσιν,
 οἱ τῶνδε δεσπόζουσι. τῆς δ' ἐκεῖ λόγον
 παρουσίας ἴστ' ἢ εἰδέναι δοκεῖτέ πον·
 ἅ δ' αὖ παθὼν νῦν ἦλθον,—ὅστις δὴ προτοῦ
 πλείστ' ἠδίκηται, χῶστις ἐξυβρισμένος
 ὕβριν κακίστην κεῖς πέδον πατούμενος
 αὐτῷ μόλις ξύννοιδεν εἰ σκώληξ γέ τοι
 ἢ μὴ πέφυκεν,—οὗτος ἄντ' ἐμοῦ λέγειν
 δύναιτ' ἂν, αὐτὸν ἐρόμενος τοιαῦθ' ἅμα,
 ὥς δὴ τί δράσων τῇδ' ἐν ἡμέρᾳ πάρα.

V.

The same, continued.

You know my recent story, all men know it,
And judge of it far differently from those
Who sate in judgment to heap scorn on scorn.
But spare me the recital!—It is here—
Here at my heart—the outrage—but my words,
Already spent in unavailing plaints,
Would only shew my feebleness the more,
And I come here to strengthen even the strong,
And urge them on to deeds, and not to war
With woman's weapons: but I need not urge you.
Our private wrongs have sprung from public vices,
In this,—I cannot call it commonwealth,
Nor kingdom, which hath neither prince nor people,
But all the sins of the old Spartan state,
Without its virtues, temperance, or valour.

V.

Τὰ δ' ἀρτίως ξυμβάντα μοι—τίς δ' ὅστις οὐ;
 ἔξιστε πάντες ὥς ἔχει, γνώμαις δὲ καὶ
 τούτων κέχρησθ' ἄλλαισιν, οἱ πικροῦ χάριν
 κριταὶ κάθηντο καταγέλωτος, ἀλλὰ μοι
 τὸ μὴ λέγειν ξύγγνωτε, τῇδε γὰρ τρέφω
 ὕβρισμα τοῦτο καρδίας ἐμῆς ἔσω.
 ἀλλ' οἱ λόγοι χυθέντες εἰς τὸν ἀέρα
 βοαῖς ἀκράντοις ἐμφανεστέρωσ πότε
 ἀμήχανον δείξειαν ἄν με· νῦν δ' ἐγὼ
 πάρεμι, ὅπως καὶ καρτεροῦς, κράτος διδούς,
 πρὸς ἔργα καὶ μὴ πρὸς γυναικείας μαχὰς
 τρέπω· χρέων γὰρ οὔτι πω μ' ὑμᾶς τρέπειν.
 καὶ τὰφ' ἐκάστου δημίων ἀμαρτιῶν
 ἐν τῇδ' ἔφνυ κάκ', οὐ λέγω κοινὴν πόλιν
 οὐδ' αὖ τυραννίδ',—οὔτε γὰρ δῆμος πάρα,
 οὔτ' οὖν τύραννος—τὰ δὲ πονηρὰ τῶν πάλαι
 τῶν Σπαρτιατῶν, ὅντ' ἄμοιρα τῶν καλῶν,
 τοῦ σωφρονεῖν τε κἀρετῆς, ἀρχὴν ἔχει.

VI.

The same, continued.

The Lords of Lacedæmon were true soldiers,
But ours are Sybarites, while we are Helots,
Of whom I am the lowest, most enslaved,
Although dressed out to head a pageant, as
The Greeks of old made drunk their slaves to form
A pastime for their children. You are met
To overthrow this monster of a state,
This mockery of a government—this spectre,
Which must be exorcised with blood—and then
We will renew the times of truth and justice
Condensing in a fair, free, commonwealth,
No rash equality, but equal rights,
Proportioned like the columns to the temple,
Giving and taking strength reciprocal,
And making firm the whole with grace and beauty,
So that no part could be removed without
Infringement of the general symmetry.

VI.

Λακωνίδος γὰρ οἳ τοτ' ἄρξαντες φρένας
 ἀρείφατοι κάρτ' ἦσαν, οἱ δὲ τῇσδε γῆς
 ἀβρῶς τρυφῶσι, καὶ τανῦν Εἵλωτες ὥς,
 ὑβρίσμεθ'· ὦν ἐμοῦ τίς ἂν πάθοι πλέω
 ἢ δουλιώτερ'; ὅσπερ ἦσκημαι πέπλων
 ὧδ' ἐν χλιδαῖσι, πρωταγωνιστῆς τις ὥς.
 ἀθύρμαθ' ὥσπερ οἱ πρὶν Ἑλληνες τέκνοις
 δούλους ἐποιήσαντο πλησθέντας μέθης.
 καὶ μὴν ἔχουσιν ὧδ' ὑπερφνῶς πόλιν
 νῦν ὡς καθαιρήσοντες εἰς ἐν ἤκετε,
 ὕπουλον ἀρχῆς σχῆμα, δυσφιλὲς τέρας,
 ὃ πλὴν φόνοις οὐκ ἐκβάλοιτ' ἄν· εἶτα δ' αὖ
 αἰῶν' ἀληθείας τε καὶ δίκης νέον
 κατάξομεν, πάνδημον αὔξοντες πόλιν
 οὐ πάντα βουλαῖς ἐξισοῦντες ἄφροσιν,
 ἀλλ' ἐνδίκως μετροῦντες· ὡς πρὸς τὸν νεῶν
 μόρφας ἔχουσι ξυμμέτρους οἱ κίονες,
 οὕτω δ' ἀμοιβαίοισιν ἀλλαγαῖς σθένος
 χάριν τε λαμβάνουσιν, ὥστε, τοῦ δόμου
 ἦν ἐκπέσῃ τι, τηνικαῦτ' ὅλωλε δὴ
 τοῦ παντὸς ἢ πρὶν ξύμμετρος κατάστασις.

VII.

"Hymn to the Night," by LONGFELLOW.

I heard the trailing garments of the Night
Sweep through the marble halls ;
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls :

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
Stoop o'er me from above ;
The calm, majestic presence of the Night,
As of the One I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
The manifold, soft chimes,
That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,
Like some old Poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air,
My spirit drank repose ;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there—
From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night ! from thee I learn to bear,
What man hath borne before :
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,
And they complain no more !

Peace ! Peace ! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer ;
Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most fair,
The best-beloved Night !

VII.

Ἦκουσα Νυκτὸς μαρμάρῳ κεκασμένα
μέλαθρα περώσης, εἰμάτων δὲ ροῖβδος ἦν
κλύειν, μελαγχίτωνα τ' ἡμφιεσμένην
χλαῖναν κάτειδον αὐτὸς, ἦν κύκλῳ πέριξ
ἥστραπτε πύργων ὡς ἀπ' ἀμβρότων φάος.
ἔγνω δὲ νιν παροῦσαν, ὥς με παγκρατῆς
ὑπῆλθ' ἄνωθεν θεῶν βία ξυνοῦσά τις
παρῆν γὰρ αὐτῆς καὶ μάλ' ἀσμένῳ γέ μοι,
ὡς φίλτατός τις, ἥσυχον Νυκτὸς κάρα.
μέλη δέ μοι τὰ λυγρὰ, τερπνὰ τ' αὖ πάλιν
ἦλθεν δι' ὧτων, εὐλύρων θ' ὁμοῦ νόμων
γῆρυς ξυνήθης, Νυκτὸς ὦν αὐλὴ γέμει,
ὡς θεῇ ἀοιδῶν τῶν πάλαι θεσπίσματα.
μέσης δὲ νυκτὸς, ψυχρὸν ὡς κρήνης ποτόν,
ἔδοξ' ὕπνου μοι μαλθακὸν πίνειν γάνος·
ἐκεῖ γὰρ, οἶδα, ῥεῖ μάλ' εἰρήνης ῥέος,
καὶ νᾶμ' αἰίνων κεῖθεν ἔρρωγεν βρότοις.
ὦ Νυκτὸς ἄγνὸν ὄμμα, σοῦ μαθὼν, ὅσα
ἔτλη τις ἄλλος πρόσθ' ἐμοῦ, τολμῶ φέρειν·
σὺ φροντίδων τοι χεῖρ' ἐπὶ γλώσσαις τίθης,
σιγὴ τ' ἔχει χαίρουσας· ὦ φίλον σέβας,
ὦ Νύξ, Ὀρέστης ἄλλος ὧδ' ἐπεύχομαι·
αἰὲ κατέλθοις ἡρέμ' εὐπτέρῳ φυγῇ,
ὦ τρὶς ποθεινὸν ὧδ' ἐμοὶ Νυκτὸς μόλοις
κάλλιστον ὄμμα καὶ βρότοις ἐράσμιον.

VIII.

"Lay of the Last Minstrel." Canto v. Opening lines.

Call it not vain!—They do not err,
Who say that, when the Poet dies,
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies :
Who say, tall cliff and cavern lone
For the departed Bard make moan ;
That mountains weep in crystal rill,
That flowers in tears of balm distil ;
Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,
And oaks in deeper groan reply.

IX.

The same, continued.

And rivers teach their rushing wave
To murmur dirges round his grave.
Not that, in sooth, o'er mortal urn
Those things inanimate can mourn :
But that the stream, the wood, the gale,
Is vocal with the plaintive wail
Of those, who, else forgotten long,
Lived in the Poet's faithful song,
And, with the Poet's parting breath,
Whose memory feels a second death.

VIII.

Φύσις αὐτή τοι, μὴ τόδ' ἐν κενοῖς λόγοις
 θέσθαι νομίζου, δυσφόρῳ πληγείσ' ἄχει,
 τῶν νιν σεβόντων κάρτα ποιητῶν ὃν ἂν
 θάνατος ἔλη, λυγροῖσιν ἐν κτερίσμασι
 τιμᾷ πρεπόντως· ἄντρα δ' ὑψηλαί τ' ἄκραι
 θρηνοῦσι τὸν θανόντα. χῶσαύτως ὄρη
 ρείθροις ἕκαστον ἀργυροῖς ὀδύρεται·
 ἄνθη δ' ἀνίησ' ἠδέ' εὐωδεῖς ῥοάς·
 πνοαὶ δὲ φύλλ' ὑψηλὰ σείουσαι ναπῶν
 φωνὴν βαθείαν ἐξεγείρουσιν δρύων.

IX.

Ποταμοὶ δὲ θρῆνον ἐγγὺς ἄσσουντες τάφου
 ἰᾶσιν οἰκτρόν. ταῦτά δ' ἴσθ' ἄψυχ' ὅμως
 ὥς οὐκ ἀληθῶς πενθίμοις θρηνεῖ γόοις·
 ἄνδρων δὲ μᾶλλον, ὧν βίου μοῖραν πάρα
 μνήμην ἀοιδὸς μέλεσιν ἐντίμοις μακρὰν
 τεύνας, τότε αὖθις δυσκλεεῖ λήθῃ πάλιν
 θανῶν ἔμιξε, τῶνδε συμφωνεῖν γόοις
 νόμιζε ρεῖθρα κἀνέμους καὶ δρύς ἄκρας.

X.

The same, concluded.

The maid's pale shade, who wails her lot,
That love, true love, should be forgot,
From rose and hawthorn shakes the tear
Upon the gentle minstrel's bier.
The phantom-knight, his glory fled,
Mourns o'er the field he heaped with dead :
Mounts the wild blast that sweeps amain,
And shrieks along the battle-plain !
The chief, whose antique crownlet long
Still sparkled in the feudal song,
Now, from the mountain's misty throne,
Sees in the Thanedom once his own,
His ashes undistinguished lie,
His place, his power, his memory die.
His groans the lonely cavern fill,
His tears of rage impel the rill :—
All mourn the minstrel's harp unstrung,
Their name unknown, their praise unsung.

X.

Τοίγαρ ταχείαν παρθένων οἰκτραὶ σκιαὶ
 στένουσ' ἐρώντων λῆστιν, εὐωδῶν βάτων
 δρόσῳ ῥόδων τε ξυμμιγεί τεῦχος βραχὺ
 τὸ τοῦ θανόντος σεβόμεναι. κλαίοντα δὲ
 πανώλεθρον φαντάσματ' αἰχμητῶν κλέος,
 ὅπου ποτ' ἄνδρας φοινίου δορὸς κράτει
 ἀνηρίθμους ἔσφαξαν, ὀξείας βοῆς,
 ὀρμῇ βιαίᾳ πνευμάτων φορούμενα
 πῖμπλησι πεδίων. δεσπότηι δ' ὀπαόνων
 μολπαῖς ἐκόντων πολλὰ τοῖς πάλαι χρόνοις
 σεμναῖσιν αἰνεθέντες, ἐκ πάγων τανῦν
 ἐστῶτες ἄκρων, τῆς πάρος δόξης, ἵνα
 τὰ πρόσθεν αὐτοὶ παντελῇ μοναρχίαν
 ἔνειμαν, ἔχνη λοιπὰ θηρῶνται μάτην.
 τάφον μὲν αὐτῶν δυστέκμαρτον οὐκέτι
 σῆμ' οὐδὲν ἐκδείκνυσιν, οἷχεται δ' ἅμα
 ἄδηλον ὄνομα καὶ θρόνων τῶν πρὶν σέβας.
 ἀνθ' ὧν στεναγμοὺς ἄντρα τ' ἀντηχεῖ βαρεῖς
 καὶ ῥεῖθρα κινεῖ δάκρυα. πᾶς τις οὖν τύχην
 ἀνώνυμον κάδοξον ἐχθαίρων, φίλης
 λύρας ἑκατι τὸν νεκρὸν πικρῶς στένει.

XI.

"We mourn," by MRS. SIGOURNEY.

We mourn for those who toil,
The slave who plies the main,
Or him, who hopeless tills the soil,
Beneath the stripe and chain :
For those, whom in the world's hard race,
O'erwearied and unblest,
A host of restless phantoms chase ;—
Why mourn for those who rest ?

XII.

The same, continued.

We mourn for those who sin,
Bound in the tempter's snare,
Whom siren-pleasure beckons in
To prisons of despair :
Whose hearts, by whirlwind passions torn,
Are wrecked on Folly's shore :—
But why in sorrow should we mourn
For those who sin no more ?
We mourn for those who weep,
Whom stern afflictions bend
With anguish o'er the lowly sleep
Of lover, or of friend :—
But they to whom the sway
Of pain and grief is o'er,
Whose tears our God hath wiped away—
O mourn for them no more !

XI.

Τῶν μὲν πονούντων κάρτα δεῖ πενθεῖν ὕπερ,
 εἴτ' οὖν πλάτην τις δουλίαν σάλου διὰ
 κέλλει βιασθεῖς, εἴτε μάστιγος φόβῳ,
 δεσμοῖς πιεσθεῖς, ἐλπίδ' οὐχ αὐτῷ τρέφων,
 ἄρουραν ἤρως, οὓς τε τὴν ἄμιλλαν αὖ
 βίου τρέχοντας ἀχάρισιν πένθη πικρὰ
 πόνοις διώκει καρδίας δηκτήρια·
 ἀλλ' εἰς τὶ κοπτόμεσθα τοὺς κοιμωμένους ;

XII.

Τοὺς δ' αὖ κακοὺς πάγαισι πειρασμοῦ λάθρα
 οἰμώζομεν ληφθέντας, οὓς τ' ἂν εἰς δόμους
 ἄτης ἀφυκτοὺς ἡδοναῖ, Σείρηνες ὥς,
 καλέσωσ', ἅελλαί τ', ἔκγονοι μωρᾶς φρενός,
 ἄτης πατάξωσ' ὀλεθρία δεινῆς βίας·
 ὅμως δὲ κείνους πρὸς τὶ θρηνῆσαι χρεών,
 ὅσοις ὀμιλεῖν οὐκέτ' ἔσθ' ἁμαρτία ;
 κείνους θ' ὅσοι, δαμέντες ἀλγεινῷ πάθει,
 φιλίας γοῶνται θανάσιμον καθαίρεσιν
 πόθου τε θερμοῦ, δάκρυσιν οἴκτισαι πρέπει·
 ἀλλ' οἵπερ οὐκέτ' εἰς ὑπήκοοι κράτει
 λυπῶν βροτείων, οἷς ἀπώμορξεν θεὸς
 δάκρυα τὰ πάντα, μή σύ γ' οἰμώξης ἔτι.

XIII.

Opening Stanzas of "In Memoriam." TENNYSON.

Strong Son of God ! immortal Love !
Whom we that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove :

Thine are these orbs of light and shade ;
Thou madest Life in man and brute ;
Thou madest Death, and, lo ! thy foot
Is on the skull which Thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust ;
Thou madest man, he knows not why,
He thinks he was not made to die ;
And Thou hast made him. Thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, Thou !
Our wills are ours, we know not how ;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

XIII.

ὦ παγκρατὲς θεοῦ τέκνον, ἄφθιτον κάρα,
 ὃν οὐκ ἰδόντες ὄμμασιν θνητοῖς, ὅμως
 ἀπόντ' ἐπιστάμεσθα δῆ πίστει μόνη·
 (ἐν οἷς γὰρ ἔργων πείρα μὴ παρῇ, κρατεῖ
 ἢ πίστις οὐχ ὁρώσα·) καὶ γὰρ ἐκ σέθεν
 ἢ νύξ πέφυκε χούτος ἡλίου κύκλος,
 τὸ ζῆν δ' ἔδωκας θηρσὶ κἀνθρώπων γένει·
 κρατῶν τε μοίρας αὐτὸς, ἐμβαίνεις ποσὶ
 τῷ ζῶντι, κούκέτ' ἐστὶν ὄνπερ ἔκτισας·
 οὗτοι σὺ λείψεις ἐν σποδῷ καθημένους,
 θνητῶν γένος σύ δ' ἐπλάσας· τίνος χάριν;
 οὐ δῆθ' ἔν' ὄντες μηκέτ' ὤμεν ἐν φάει·
 αὐτὸς γὰρ ἡμᾶς ἔκτισας· τίς ἀντερεῖ;
 θεῖός γε μέντοι καὶ βροτὸς πεφυκέναι
 δοκεῖς· βροτῶν δ' ἄριστος, ἕξοχος φύσιν·
 κἄδωκας ἡμῖν θᾶτερον δυοῖν λαβεῖν,
 θέλεις δ' ἄμ' ἡμῖν σὰς μέλειν ἐπιστολάς.

XIV.

The same, continued.

Our little systems have their day ;
They have their day, and cease to be—
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but *faith*—we cannot *know* ;
For knowledge is of things we see—
And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness ! Let it grow !

Let knowledge grow from more to more—
But more of *reverence* in us dwell,
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight :
We mock Thee, when we do not fear ;
But help thy foolish ones to bear :
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light !

XIV.

Καὶ δὴ τὰ λεπτὰ τῶν φρενῶν τεχνήματα
 ἔπ' ἡμαρ ἀνθεῖ, κούκέτ' ὄντ' ἀπόλλυται·
 σμικρὰ γὰρ αὐγῆς σῆς ὅποι' ἀκτὺς πέλει,
 ἥσσω θ' ὑπείκει. καὶ γὰρ οὐ γνῶναι πάρα
 θνητοῖς, ὁρῶντες δ' ἐξεπιστάμεσθ' αἰεί·
 πίστει νοοῦμεν· χῶπόσ' ἢ πίστις νοεῖ
 τῆς σῆς ἀπ' αὐγῆς δεχόμεθ' ὡς ἀγνὸν φάος.
 γένοιτο δ' ἡμῖν τοῦξεπίστασθαι τορῶς,
 πλέον δέ, μᾶλλον εἰδότες, σεβώμεθα·
 ψυχὴ τ' ἀμαυρᾷ συγκεκραμένη φρενὶ
 αὖθις ξυνάψῃ τὴν πάλαι ξυναυλίαν.
 βραχεῖς μὲν ἐσμέν, οἱ δὲ μὴ φοβούμενοι
 ὕβριν κακὴν σε δύσθεον θ' ὑβρίζομεν·
 σύ δ' αὐτὸς ἡμῖν νηπίοισι σύμμαχος
 θνητοὺς διδάξεις φέγγος εἰσορᾶν τὸ σόν.

XV.

"Lay of the Last Minstrel." Canto vi. st. 29. SCOTT.

With naked foot and sackcloth vest,
And arms enfolded on his breast,
Did every pilgrim go ;
The standers-by might hear aneath
Footstep, or voice, or highdrawn breath,
Through all their lengthened row ;
No lordly look, nor martial stride—
Gone was their glory, sunk their pride,
Forgotten their renown :
Silent and slow, like ghosts they glide,
To the high altar's hallowed side,
And there they knelt them down :
Above the suppliant chieftains wave
The banners of departed brave ;
Beneath the lettered stones were laid
The ashes of their fathers dead :
From many a garnished niche around
Stern saints and tortured martyrs frowned.

XV.

Στέρνοις δ' ἔπι πτύξαντες ἐντεῦθεν χέρας,
 γυμνοὶ πόδας δύσμορφα τ' ἐνδύντες ῥάκη
 στόλος στρατηγῶν οἰκτρὸς ἐκβαίνει δόμων·
 μόλις δὲ φωνὴν στόματος ἢ ποδῶν βάσιν
 ἤκουσαν ἢ τιν' οἱ παρεστῶτες πνοήν,
 οὐδ' ἂν τύραννον ὅμμι' ἴδοις ἐνταῦθα που
 ἶχνος τ' ἄρειον· τοῦ γὰρ ἔμπροσθεν κλέους
 φρονήματός τ' ἔδοξαν οὐ μνήμην τρέφειν.
 ὅπως δὲ φάσματ', ἀψόφῳ βάντες ποδὶ
 ἱκτηρίαισι βωμίων βάθρων ἔπι
 σιγαῖς ἔκαμψαν γόνατα· κἄνωθεν καλὰ
 ἐπίσημ' ἐφεξῆς, τῶν πρὶν ἱππέων χάριν,
 κρεμάστ' ἴδοις ἄν· καὶ κάτω λευκὴ κόνις
 προγόνων ἔκειτο μνημάτων γλυπτῶν ὕπο·
 στυγνὴν δ' ὀφρὺν νωμῶντες ἔβλεπον μυχῶν
 ἔσωθεν οἱ πρὶν εὐσεβεῖς ὀλωλότες.

XVI.

The same, continued.

And slow up the dim aisle afar,
With sable cowl and scapular,
And snow-white stoles, in order due,
The holy fathers, two and two,
 In long procession came ;
Taper and host and book they bare,
And holy banner flourished fair
 With the REDEEMER's name.
Above the prostrate pilgrim-band
The mitred abbot stretched his hand,
 And blessed them as they kneeled :
With holy cross he signed them all,
And prayed they might be sage in hall,
 And fortunate in field.
Then mass was sung and prayers were said,
And solemn requiem for the dead ;
And bells tolled out their mighty peal
For the departed spirit's weal.

XVI.

Κόσμῳ δ' ἔπειτα πρόσπολοι σεμνοὶ θεοῦ,
 λευκοῖς ἕκαστος περιβεβλημένοι πέπλοις
 κεφαλὰς τ' ἑρεμνοῖς εὐπρεπεῖς καλύμμασιν,
 μάζαν φοροῦντες χερσὶ μυστικὴν ἰδεῖν,
 λύχνων θ' ἀφὰς, βίβλον τε, καὶ σεπτὸν φάρος,
 ἐν ᾧ τὸ τοῦ Σωτῆρος ὄνομα τις τέχνη
 ἔγραψεν—οὕτω πάντες ἐν τάξει διπλῇ
 μακρὰς στοὰς μετροῦντες εὐτάκτῳ βάσει,
 στόλου πρόσω στείχουσι γονυπετοῦς πέλας.
 κἀνταῦθ' ὁ θεῖος χεῖρας ἐκτείνας πατῆρ
 πάντας παρηγορήσατ' εὐφήμοις λόγοις,
 σταυροῦ δ' ἐπ' αὐτοῖς ἱερὸν ἐγγράψας σέβας,
 θεὸν προσήτει καλλίνιχ' ὅπλοις κράτη
 εὐβουλίαν τὲ στόματι παντελῇ νέμειν.
 ἔπειτα δ' ἱερεὺς μυστικὰ ῥέξας τέλη
 θεὸν λιταῖσι τοῦ θανόντος οὔνεκα
 πόλλ' ἰκέτευσ'· ὁμοῦ δὲ κώδωνες λιγὺ
 σωτηρίας ἤχησαν αἰδίας ὕπερ.

XVII.

The same, concluded.

And ever in the office close
 The hymn of intercession rose:
 And far the echoing aisles prolong
 The awful burden of the song:—

“ Dies iræ, dies illa

“ Solvet sæclum in favilla;”

While the pealing organ rung:

Were it meet with sacred strain

To close my lay so light and vain,

’Twas thus the holy fathers sung:—

“ The day of wrath, that dreadful day,

“ When Heaven and Earth shall pass away!

“ What power shall be the sinner’s stay?

“ How shall he meet that dreadful day?

“ When, shrivelling like a parchment-scroll,

“ The flaming heavens together roll;

“ When louder yet, and yet more dread,

“ Swells the high trump that wakes the dead?

“ O! on that day, that wrathful day,

“ When man to judgment wakes from clay,

“ Be Thou the trembling sinner’s stay,

“ Though Heaven and Earth shall pass away!”

XVII.

Τέλος δέ, προστρόπαιος ὕμνος αὐτίκα,
 ξυνφδὸς ὀργάνοισιν εὐφώνοις, μακρὰν
 διὰ στοᾶς ἔτεινεν ὑψηλὰς βοήν.
 “φεῦ, φεῦ· τὸ δεινὸν ἡμαρ, ἐμφόβῳ σκῆψαν βία,
 “καὶ μεστὸν ὀργῆς, φεψαλώσει δὴ τὸ πᾶν.”
 ἀλλ’, εἴπερ ἱεροῖς ἄσμασιν πάρεστί μοι
 ἔργων βροτείων πραγμάτων ῥῆσιν τελεῖν,
 τοιόνδ’ ὅμανλος γῆρυς ἐξῆκεν μέλος·
 “φεῦ, φεῦ· τὸ δεινὸν ὀργῆς ἡμαρ, ἡνίκ’ οὐρανὸς
 “καὶ γῆ πλατεῖ· εἰς οὐδὲν ἐκλυθήσεται·
 “τῷ ποτε βοηθῷ πίσυνος ἀμαρτῶν βροτὸς
 “τὰ δεινὰ τῆς τόθ’ ἡμέρας εἰσόψεται;
 “ὅτ’ ἐγκαλυπταῖς φλοξὶν οὐρανοῦ κύκλος,
 “οἷον δέρος φρυκτόν τι, συσπασθήσεται,
 “καὶ τοὺς παρ’ ἄδου διατόρος σάλπιγξ νεκρούς,
 “δεινὴν ἰεῖσα γῆρυν, ἐξαναγκάσει;
 “ὅτ’ ἐκ μυχῶν γῆς κρίσιν ὑφέξουσιν βροτοί,
 “δεινῆς ὅτ’ ὀργῆς ἡμέρα κείνη πάρα,
 “σὺ γ’, ὦ παναλκὲς, ἐν μέσοις ἐρειπίοις
 “γῆς οὐρανοῦ τ’, ἄρηγε τοῖς παναθλίοις.”

XVIII.

"The Footsteps of Angels," by LONGFELLOW.

When the hours of Day are numbered,
And the voices of the Night
Wake the better soul that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight :—

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire-light
Dance upon the parlour-wall :

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door ;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more :

He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the road-side fell and perished,
Weary with the march of Life !

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more !

XVIII.

Ὄταν κνεφαῖον ἡμέρας ἦκη τέλος
 φωναί τε νυκτὸς ἦπται ψυχὴν ἐμὴν
 ὕπνῳ σχεδὸν πεσοῦσαν, εἰς τέρψιν πάλιν
 ἀγνὴν καλῶσι, κᾶκγονοι πυρὸς σκιαί,
 πρὶν εσπεροὺς λαμπτήρας ἀφθῆναι πυρι,
 τρέχωσιν αἰόλοισιν ἀνὰ τοίχους τρόποις
 φαντάσμαθ' ὥς γοργωπὰ, τηνικαῦτα δὴ
 οἱ ζῶντες ἦσαν φίλτατοι πιστοὶ θ' ἅμα,
 πάλαι θανόντες, σίγ' ἀνοίξαντες θύρας
 ἐμοὶ ξύνεισιν, οἷον ἐν τῷ πρὶν βίῳ,
 ὁ μὲν νεάζων ἐς τ' ἔριν βέλτιστος ὦν
 μάχης ἀρείαν, ἐν βίου πορεύμασι
 καμὼν ἀπώλετ' ὦν νεανίας ἔτι·
 ἄλλοι δὲ διαπρέποντες εὖσεβεῖ βίῳ,
 ἄχθος τε μόχθων πημονάς τε δυσφόρους
 μείναντες, αὐτοὺς θανάσιμῳ πλήγῃ τέλος
 προδόντες ἡμῖν ξυγγενῶν ὁμιλίων
 ἀπεστάλησαν.

XIX.

The same, continued.

And with them the being beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in Heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine :

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downwards from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer ;
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

O! though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only,
Such as these have lived and died !

XIX.

Ξὺν δὲ χῆ καλὴ κόρη,
 ἥπερ τὰ πρῶτ' ἔρωτί μ' ὄντα δὴ νέον
 διόσδοτος μάλ' ὤλβισ', ἥ τ' ἐν οὐρανῷ
 μακάρων ἐν ἀγνῇ τάσσεται πανηγύρει.
 τότε ἄψοφῆτοισ ἢ θεόσσυτος κόρη
 ποσὶν προσελθοῦσ' αὐτίκ' ἄγχι μου θρόνον
 ἵζει κενόν, ψαύει τε τῆς ἐμῆς χερός·
 καθημένη δ' οὖν ἢ τέρεινά μ' ὄμμασιν
 πάντως ὁμοῖ' ἄστροισιν ἡρέμ' εἰς βρότους
 ἐκ νυκτεροῦ βλέπουσιν οὐρανοῦ κάτω,
 ἀτενὲς φιλοῦσα προσβλέπει· καλῶς δ' ἐγὼ
 ἔπη ξυνῆκ' ἄφθογγα προσφωνημάτων
 ψόγοις μὲν ἡπίοισιν εὐφήμοις δ' ἅμα
 ἐκ μαλθακῶν μ' ὀνειδίσαντα χειλέων.
 ἀνθ' ὧν, ἐρημίαισι δυσθυμουμένῃ
 πολλαῖς, ὅμως τοίουςδέ μοι μεμνημένῃ
 ζωούς ποτ' ὄντας καὶ θανόντας ἐνθάδε,
 εὐθὺς διαρρέουσι σύμπαντες φόβοι.

XX.

Song, by BURNS.

The day returns, my bosom burns,
The blissful day we twa did meet :
Tho' winter wild in tempest toiled,
Ne'er summer-morn was half sae sweet.

Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
And crosses o'er the sultry line :
Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
Heaven gave me more—it made *thee* mine !

While day and night can bring delight,
Or nature aught of pleasure give :
While joys above my mind can move,
For thee, and thee alone, I live !

When that grim foe of life below
Comes in between to make us part—
The iron hand that breaks our band,
It breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart !

XX.

Φλέγει μὲν ἤδη ζῶπυρούμενον κέαρ
τῆσδ' εὖ φανείσης ἡμέρας τρισολβίου,
ἐν ᾗ τὰ πρῶτά σοι ξυνῆλθον, ὦ γύναι.
εἰ καὶ τὸ χεῖμα δυσμενὲς παρῆν τότε,
οὐχ ἥλιός τις ἥρί γ' ἡδίων ὅμως.
μείζω δὲ πάντων χρημάτων ἅ ναυπόροις
πλάταισιν εἰς γῆν τήνδε συγχομίζεται,
πέπλων τε μείζον βασιλικῶν πολλῶ γερας
καὶ στεμμάτων κόσμου τε πολυτελοῦς, γύναι,
θεῶν σ' ἔδωκεν, οὗ τις ἀνθρώπων ἐμοί.
ἔως δὲ φέγγους εὐφρόνης τε χάρματα
φίλης μ' ἀρέσκει, χῆ φύσις τέρπει φρένας,
βίου τε δῶρα τοῦ πάροντος ἀρπάσαι
ἔξεστι, σὸς μὲν εἰμὶ, σὴν δὲ ἔξῳ χάριν.
οὐχθρὸς δ' ἐπειδὰν τῷ βροτῶν γένει μολῇ
θάνατος, θέλων δέ σ' ἀγρίως ἀφαρπάσαι
ἡμῖν τὰ δεσμὰ δυσμενεῖ ῥήξῃ χερί,
ὁ δ' ὄλβος ἔρρει, κοῦκέτ' εἰμ' ἐγὼ τάλας.



Lyra Hellenica.

PART II.

LYRA HELLENICA.

EXERCISE I.

Passage from SHELLEY, *Classical Tripos*, 1853.

THOU unrepentless lamp, whose narrow fire
Is shaken by the wind, and on whose edge
Devouring darkness hovers ! Thou small flame,
Which, as a dying pulse rises and falls,
Still flickerest up and down, how very soon,
Did I not feed thee, wouldst thou fail, and be
As thou hadst never been ! So wastes and sinks
Even now perhaps the life that kindled mine ;
But that no power can fill with vital oil,
That broken lamp of flesh. Ha ! 'tis the blood
Which fed these veins, that ebbs till all is cold :
It is the form that moulded mine, that sinks
Into the white and yellow spasms of death :
It is the soul by which mine was arrayed
In God's immortal likeness, which now stands
Naked before Heaven's judgment-seat !
The hour crawls on—and when my hairs are white,
My son will then perhaps be waiting thus,
Tortured between just hate and vain remorse ;
Chiding the tardy messenger of news
Like those which I expect.

EXERCISE I.

Φεῦ δῆτ' ἀμανρὰ λαμπὰς, ἧ σμικρὰν φλόγα
 λεπτή τις αὔρα πνεύματος κατασβέσει,
 χεῖλη τε δεινῆς νυκτὸς ἀμπέχει σκότος.
 ὦ φέγγος οἰκτρὸν, οἷον αἱματόρρυτοι
 ἄρτηρῖαι νοσοῦντος ἀκμαίαν νόσον,
 οὕτως ἀπείπες κᾶτ' ἀνίστασαι πάλιν·
 εἰ μή δ' ὁ βόσκων ἐγγὺς ἦν, παρειμένη
 τάχ' ἂν παρήλθες καὶ τὸ μηδὲν ἦσθ' ἴσως.
 ταῦτῳ δ' ἀπορρεῖ σβέννυται τ', οἶμαι, τρόπῳ
 ἥπερ πέφυκεν αἰτία τοῦ ζῆν ἐμοί,
 νῦν δ' οὐκ ἐλαίῳ ζωπυρεῖν ἔξεστ' ἔτι
 σαρκὸς παλαίας λαμπάδ' ἡμαυρωμένην.
 μητρὸς γὰρ αἶμ', ἀφ' ἧσπερ αὐτὸς ἐξέφυν,
 ψύχει πέπηγε, καὶ κακὸν σφ' ἔχει κρύος,
 καὶ τῷδε κάρτα συγγενῇ μητρὸς μέλη
 σπασμοῖσιν ὥχρὰ θανασίμοις μαραίνεται,
 ψύχῃ τ' ἀφ' ἧσπερ ἄμβροτος ψύχῃ τόδε
 σῶμ' ἡμφιέσθη, θεῶν παρ' ἄμβρότοις θρόνοις
 δίκας ὑφέξουσ' ὑστάτας παρίσταται.
 ὦρα δ' ἀφέρει· χῶπότ' ἂν κᾶμοι τάχ' ἂν
 γῆρας παλύνῃ νιφάσι λευκανθὲς κᾶρα,
 παῖς τοῦδε τάνδρὸς ἐν μέρει, τότ' ἐνδίκῳ
 δοὺς αὐτὸν ἔχθει, καὶ μάτην ὠργισμένος,
 караδοκήσει τὰμὰ, κᾶτ' ὀνειδιεῖ,
 τί δὴ ματην ὀκνοῦσιν ἄγγελοι τὸ μὴ
 ἔπη φέρειν οἷ' αὐτὸς ἐλπίζω πάτηρ ;

II.

Passage from TENNYSON'S "Princess."

Come down, O Maid, from yonder mountain-height !
What pleasure lives in height, (the shepherd sang,)
In height and cold, the splendour of the hills ?
But cease to move so near the heavens, and cease
To glide a sun-beam by the blasted pine,
To sit a star upon the sparkling spire :
And come—for Love is of the Valley—come !
For Love is of the Valley, come thou down,
And find him : by the happy threshold, he,
Or hand in hand with Plenty in the maize,
Or red with spirted purple of the vats,
Or fox-like in the vine : nor cares to walk
With Death and Morning on the Silver Horns,
Nor wilt thou snare him in the white ravine,
Nor find him dropt upon the firths of ice,
That huddling slant in furrow-cloven falls,
To roll the torrent out of dusky doors :
But follow ! Let the torrent dance thee down
To find him in the valley : let the wild
Lean-headed eagles yelp alone, and leave
The monstrous ledges there to slope, and spill
Their thousand wreaths of dangling water-smoke,
That, like a broken purpose, waste in air :

II.

Δεῦρ', ὦ κόρη, κατελθὲ τοῦδ' ὄρους ἄπο·
 τίς ἡδονὴ γὰρ ὄρεσιν ἐν ψυχροῖς ἔτι
 ὑψηλόκρημνον ἀγλαάν τ' ἔχειν ἔδραν;
 μήτ' οὖν κατ' ἄστρα πλαγκτὸν ἐντέμνης ὁδόν,
 μήθ' ὥσπερ ἀκτὶς ἡλίου ξηρᾶς ὑπὲρ
 πεύκης πρόσω φάνηθι, μήτ' ἄστηρ ὅπως,
 ἄκραισι ναῶν ἐν στέγαις ἐφιζάνης.
 δεῦρ' οὖν κατελθὲ, δεῦρό μοι· χλωραῖσι γὰρ
 ναίειν φιλεῖ ταπεινὸς ἐν βήσσαις Ἑρως·
 ἴσως τ' ἂν ἐξεύροις νιν· ἡ γὰρ εὐπότοις
 δόμοις πελάζει, φαιδρὸς ἡ θεᾶς μέτα
 πυροῖς ἐνοικεῖ, χεῖρα τ' ἐμπλέκει χερί·
 ἡ ῥ' οἰκάδος στάζοντι φοινηχθεὶς ποτῶ,
 ἡ Βακχίαισι, κίναδος ὥς, ἐν ἀμπέλοις
 παίζει λοχισθεὶς, κοῦ μελεῖ κηρῶν μέτα
 τοῖσδ' ἐμβατεύειν ὄρεσιν ὀρθρίῳ ποδί.
 οὐδ' ἂν νιν εὔροις ἐν φάραγγι δυσχίμῳ,
 οὔτ' οὖν πάγου χυθέντος ἐκβεβλημένον,
 ὅταν χαμαὶ πεσοῦσα χειμάρρουν ποθὲν
 ὦσῃ δυσόμβρος ρεῖθρον ἐκ πυλῶν νιφάς.
 σύ δ' οὖν κατελθὲ, καὶ καταρρύτοις ἅμα
 ῥοαῖς ὁμαρτῶν, τὸν θεὸν βλέψεις τάχος.
 ὁ τ' οὖν δαφοινὸς αἰετὸς, πεινῶν μόνος,
 κλάξῃ πρόσωθεν δεινὰ, καὶ πετρῶν ἄπο
 λεχρίων κατελθὼν ἔτι χαμαὶ στάξῃ ρέος,
 νεφέων ὅθενπερ μυρίων μορφὰς ἀτμὸς
 δίδωσι καῦθις ἡφανισμένος κυρεῖ,
 ἀμαυρὰ λεπτῆς ὥς φρενὸς νοήματα.

So waste not thou, but come! for all the vales
Await thee: azure pillars of the hearth
Await thee;—the children call, and I,
Thy shepherd, pipe, and sweet is every sound,
Sweeter *thy* voice, but every sound is sweet:
Myriads of rivulets hurrying through the lawn,
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees.

III.

"Past, Present, and Future," by EDWIN ARNOLD.

Ye whose bright fingers wander through the strings,
Seeking high matters for your melodies,
And finding none: O! leave the withered PAST,
And turn ye to the time that liveth *now*!
Will ye be looking in the fallen leaves
For the green beauty of the fallen Spring?
Or will ye seek in last year's naked nest
The speckled eggs it cradled? Be ye wise!
Gather from all the golden flower-cups
That blossom even now: the winter-tide
Cometh to thee and them, and shall it find
Thy sunshine blighted and thy summer gone,
And for the after-bees no honey hived?

μή σοι γένηται ταῦτα γ'· ὦδέ μοι, κόρη·
καλεῖ σ' ἐκάστη βῆσσα, πᾶσα θ' ἐστία
στήλας τίθησί σοι μόνη, τιμῆς χάριν·
καλοῦσί σ' οἷ τε παῖδες, ἥδ' ἐγὼ, φίλη
σύριγξ, νόμος γὰρ πᾶς τις ἡδονὴν φέρει.
ἥδιστα γ' ἢ σή μοι μολεῖ γῆρυς, κόρη,
ἡδεῖα δ' ἡχὼ πᾶσα, μυρίων γάνος
κρηνῶν ποταμίαις ἄλσος ἀρδούσων ῥοαῖς,
στόνοι γεραίας ἐκ δρυὸς πελειάδων,
σμήνων τε φθόγγος ἡσύχων ἀνήριθμος.

III.

Ἄλλ' εἴ τις εἰκῇ χερσὶ τῆς λύρας θιγὼν
ὕμνων μάταιος μειζόνων ἰμείρεται
μάτην τε τείνας, τοῦ παρελθόντος χρόνου
ἐκὼν ἀποστὰς τὸν παρόντ' αἰεὶ σκοπῇ.
τίς γὰρ πότ' ἄνθος ἡρινὸν φύλλοις ἐνὶ
ζητῶν χαμαὶ χυθεῖσιν εὐχοῖτ' ἂν τυχεῖν;
ἢ τίς νεοσσῶν ὀρφάνῳ πότ' ἐν λέχει
στικτῶν ἂν ὦων κάλλος ἐξεύροι πότ' ἂν;
εἴθ' οὖν μαθὼν μὲν πᾶς τις, ὁψέ δ', εὖ φρονεῖν
καρποῖτο τῆς νῦν καλυκὸς ἀνθούσης γέρα.
πάρεστι γὰρ τὸ χεῖμα, τῆς τε καρπίμου
ὥρας ἀμαρτῶν, κοῦ θέρους τυχῶν, κενὸν
μέλιτος σύ γ' ἐσμὸν οὐ τι χαϊρήσεις ἰδὼν.

TIME hath three daughters: *one* with drooping head
Sits in the shadow she herself hath cast,
Weaving a winding-sheet; and *one* hath charge
Of marriage-robcs and wedding-coronals,
Wherein is "heart's-ease" and the hemlock-bud;
And *one*, the last, doth with averted face
And song, that shapeth not itself in words,
Spin the small wrapper and the tiny band,
To swathe the yet unbreathing.—Of the three,
One is not for thee, *one* thou seest not,
And *one* is all thine own—a willing bride!
Cleave to her, like a lover! She will tell
Things that will sink into thy soul, and come
Out of the harp-string, like a voice that lives,
And holds the hearer with its solemn tones.

Παῖδες Χρόνῳ τρεῖς εἰσὶν· ἐκ τούτων μία
αἰὲ κατ' οἶκον οὔσα καὶ κατάσκιος,
θάσσει κατήφης, ἐς τάφον δ' ἐσθήματα
πλέκονσ' ὑφαίνει· τῇ δὲ δευτέρᾳ μελεῖ
ἄνθη τε πλεκτὰ πάντα, (κώνειον λέγω,
χῶσ' ἐστὶν ἄλλα,) καὶ πέπλοι γαμήλιοι·
ἡ δ' αὖ τρίτη σκυθρωπὸν ὄμμ' ἀποστρέφει,
μοῦσαν τ' ἄφωνον ἥσυχος μινύρεται,
τοῖς παιδίοισι σπαργάνων ὑφαντρία
τοῖς μηδέπω φυγοῦσι μητρόθεν σκότον.
καὶ τῶνδε παίδων ἡ μὲν οὐ τί σοι μελεῖ,
τὴν δ' οὐκ ἂν αὐτὸς εἰσίδοις· ἡ δ' αὖ πέλας
έκουσ' ἐκόντι σοι πόσει παρίσταται·
σύ δ' αὐτὸς αὐτῆς ἀντέχου προσκείμενος.
τῆς σῆς γὰρ ἄψει καρδίας τὰ τῇσδ' ἔπη,
χορδῶν δὲ σύμφωνόν σε κινήσει μέλος,
θέλγητρον ὧς, ὕμνοισι κηλήσαν φρένα.

IV.

TENNYSON'S "*In Memoriam*." Stanza XV.

To-night the winds began to rise
And roar from yonder dropping day :
The last red leaf is whirled away,
The rooks are blown about the skies :

The forests cracked, the waters curled,
The cattle huddled on the lea ;
And wildly dashed on tower and tree,
The sunbeam strikes along the world.

And but for fancies, which aver
That all thy movements gently pass
Athwart a plane of molten glass,
I scarce could brook the strain and stir

That makes the barren branches loud ;
And but for fear it is not so,
The wild unrest, that lives in woe,
Would dote and pore on yonder cloud,

That rises upward, always higher,
And onward drags a labouring breast,
And topples round the dreary West,
A looming bastion fringed with fire.

IV.

Κατέρχεται νύξ, κἀνέμων ἀήματα
 φυσῶντα, δυντὸς ἡλίου, δεινὸν βρέμει,
 καὶ ξηρὰ κέχυται φύλλα τῶν κλάδων χαμαί,
 κόραξ κατ' αἰθέρ' ἄσσεται πτερῶν πλάνοις
 κλάδων τε δοῦπον πάρα κλύειν, πόντος τ' ἀφρῶ
 φρίσσει· φόβῳ δ' ἔστησαν ἄθροοι βόες
 ἐν βουθερεῖ λειμῶνι· καὶ πύργων ὕπερ
 εἰκῇ δρύων τε φέγγος ὕστατον ματᾶ.
 κεῖ μή τι νυκτὸς ταῦτ' ἔφασκε φάσματα
 ὥς ἐν κατόπτρῳ πάνθ' ἃ δρῶν σὺ τυγχάνεις
 σαφῶς δύνασθαι, μ' ὥσπερ ὀφθαλμοῖς, ἰδεῖν,
 σχολῇ γε δένδρων πρὸς βίαν κινουμένων
 ἔτλην ἂν αὐτὸς ἢ ψόφου τούτου κλύων.
 καὶ νῦν μὲν, εἰ μή τις παρασταίῃ φόβος,
 ἢ φρήν τε δυστυχοῦσα διστάζοι, νέφη
 ἔστην ταφῶν ἂν αὐτὸς εἰσορῶν τάδε,
 οἶον κάτ' αἰπὺν οὐρανὸν πεδάρσια
 τέλλει, γέροντές θ' ὥς κόπῳ παρειμένοι
 μοχθεῖ περῶντα τὸν πρὸς ἐσπέραν τρίβον,
 ἔπαλξις ὥς πρόσωθεν ἡμμένη φλογί.

V.

Passage from "The Bride of Abydos." C. ii. st. 28.

Within the place of thousand tombs
That shine beneath, while dark above
The sad but living cypress glooms,
And withers not, though branch and leaf
Are stamped with an eternal grief,
Like early, unrequited Love :—
One spot exists, which ever blooms,
E'en in that deadly grove—
A single rose is shedding there
Its lonely lustre, meek and pale :
It looks as painted by Despair—
So white, so faint—the slightest gale
Might whirl the leaves on high :
And yet, though storms and blight assail,
And hands, more rude than wintry sky,
May wring it from the stem :—in vain !—
To-morrow sees it bloom again !
The stalk some spirit gently rears,
And waters with celestial tears.

V.

Φαιδραὶ θανόντων μύριαι θηκαὶ πρόσω
 κόνιν ἔχουσιν, ὧν ὑπερθε πισσινὴ
 ἐκτείνεται φύλλοισι κυπαρίσσου σκιά·
 νεαρὸς γὰρ αἰὲν ὄζος οὐ ξηραίνεται.
 κᾶνπερ τι χρόνιον πένθος ἐν κλάδοις φανῇ
 χλωροῖς ἐνοικοῦν, δυσπαθῶν τις ὡς ἔρως,
 ἄλλ' ἐν θανασίμῳ τῷδε βῆσά τις νάπει
 μέγιστα θάλλει, καὶ ῥόδον πάρεστ' ἐκεῖ
 μονωθὲν ἄλλων εἰσιδεῖν· ὥχρὸν μὲν οὖν
 λευκόν τ' ἐς ὄψιν, καὶ κάτηφες ὅμμ' ἔχει
 τέρεν τε, λεπτοῖς ὡς σκεδασθῆναι πνοαῖς.
 κᾶνπερ θυέλλης ὀμβρίου δεινὸν μένος
 ἄγριαί τε δεινοῦ χείματος μᾶλλον χέρες
 δρέπωσιν, ἀνθοῦν αὔριος βλέπει χρόνος.
 τὴν γὰρ χλόην τις, ὡς φάτις κρατεῖ, θεὸς
 πεσοῦσαν ὀρθοῖ, δακρύων τ' ἄρδει ποτῶ.

VI.

The same passage continued.

For well may maids of Helle deem
That this can be no earthly flower,
Which marks the tempest's withering hour,
And buds unsheltered by a bower,
Nor droops, though Spring refuse her shower,
Nor woos the Summer-beam :
To it the livelong night there sings
A bird unseen, but not remote :
Invisible his airy wings,
But soft as harp that Houri strings,
His long entrancing note !
It were the Bulbul, but *his* throat,
Though mournful, pours not such a strain :
For they who listen cannot leave
The spot, but linger there and grieve,
As if they loved in vain !
And yet so sweet the tears they shed—
'Tis sorrow, so unmixed with dread,
They scarce can bear the morn to break
That melancholy spell !
And longer yet would weep and wake,
He sings so wild and well.
But when the Day-blush bursts from high,
Expires that magic melody.
And some have been, who could believe
(So fondly youthful dreams deceive,
Yet harsh be they that blame,)
That note, so piercing and profound,
Will shape and syllable its sound
Into Zuleika's name !

VI.

Καλῶς δὲ δοξάζουσιν Ἑλλάδος κόραι
 κεῖ τις τόδ' ἄνθος ἄμβροτον φύσιν καλεῖ,
 ὅπερ θυελλῶν καταφρονεῖ, ψυχρᾷ θ' ὅμως
 ὑπαίθριον τέθηλεν ἐν δυσανλίᾳ,
 αὐχμοῖσι τ' οὐδὲν ἡρινοῖς μαραίνεται,
 οὐδ' αὖ θέρους τε καυμάτων τ' ὥραν ἔχει.
 πέλας δ' αἰοιδὴν πάννυχος μινύρεται
 ἄφαντος ὄρνις, (οὐ γὰρ ἂν βλέψαις πότε,) *;*
 ὑγρόν θ', ὁμοῖα μέλεσι θέσπιος λύρας,
 γοῶν αἰεῖδι· καὶ τάχ' ἂν τις ἦν Ἰτύς,
 ἀλλ' οὗ τι ταῦτόν, οἰκτρὸς ὢν, ὅμως στένει.
 ὁ γὰρ κλύων ἐντεῦθεν οὐκ ἀποστατεῖ,
 γοῶσι δ' οὖν ἕκαστος ἔμπεδον, κακοῦ
 ἔρωτος ὡς ψευσθέντες· ἀλλ' ὅμως γλυκὺ
 δάκρυον ἰέντες (οὐ πρόσεστι γὰρ φόβος
 πενθοῦσιν) ἡῶ προσδοκῶσ' εὐήλιον,
 ὡς μὴ θέλοντες ἡδὺ παυσθῆναι μέλος·
 οὕτω λιγύς τε καὶ γλυκὺς μινύρεται.
 ἕως δ' ἐπειδὰν οὐρανὸν φασσφόροις
 ἀκτῖσι βάλλῃ, θεῖα παύεται μέλη.
 καὶ δὴ, φιλεῖ γὰρ τῶν νέων ὀνειράτα
 ματαῖα (τίς δ' οὖν μέμψεται;) θέλγειν φρένας,
 ἐστίν τις, εὖ γὰρ οἶδ', ὃς οἶεται παννὴ
 φωνῆς λιγείας τῇσδε διάτορον μέλος
 ὄνομα Ζυλίσσης ξυνθέσει φωνῶν θροεῖν.

VII.

Passage from MILTON. Classical Tripos, 1850.

And now went forth the Morn,
Such as in highest heaven, arrayed in gold
Empyreal: from before her vanished Night,
Shot through with orient beams; when all the plain,
Covered with thick embattled squadrons bright,
Chariots, and flaming arms, and fiery steeds,
Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view:
War he perceived, war in procinct: and found
Already known what he for news had thought
To have reported; gladly then he mixed
Among those friendly powers, who him received
With joy and acclamations loud, that one—
That of so many myriads fallen, yet *one*
Returned—not lost. On the second hill
They led him high applauded, and present
Before the seat supreme: from whence a voice
From midst a golden cloud thus mild was heard,
“Servant of God, well done! Well hast thou fought
The better fight, who single hast maintained
Against revolted multitudes the cause
Of Truth, in word mightier than they in arms:
And for the testimony of Truth hast borne

VII.

Καὶ νῦν ἕως προὔβαινε, οἳ' ἐν αἰθέρι
 φιλοῦσ' ἐγείρειν χρυσεόστολον φάος.
 πρόσω δ' ἔφευγε νυκτὸς αἰανῆς κᾶρα
 ἄκτισι φωσφόροιςιν ὥς βεβλημένης.
 τὸ πᾶν μέτωπον θ' ἁρμάτων ἐπίμπλατο
 πέδου, φαλάγγων τ' ἐς μάχην ἡθροισμένων,
 στεροπή δὲ τευχῶν ἦν ἰδεῖν, ὥσεί πυρὶ
 πῦρ ἀντίλαμπον· θούριων θ' ἵππων μένος
 κατεῖδε πρῶτον ὄμμασιν, δεινὴν μάχην
 ἔργῳ παροῦσαν, κοῦκ ἀπειλᾷσιν μόνον,
 πνέοντα πάντα· γνωτὰ δ' οὐδ' ἄγνωτ' ἔτι
 ὦν ῥ' αὐτὸς ἄγγελος πιστὸς μολεῖν.
 τότ' ἀσμένοισιν ἄσμενος φίλοις μέτα
 ξυνῆλθεν· οἳ δὲ σὺν χαρᾷ νικηφόρῳ
 παιᾶν' ἐφύμνου, οἷα δὴ πολλῶν ἄπο
 σωθέντος αὐτοῦ, μυρίων ὀλωλότων.
 πάγον δ' ἔφ' ἀγνὸν ἤγαγον τάχος πυκνοῖς
 χερῶν κρότοιςιν, ἅντι ὑψίστου πατρὸς
 στήσοντες αὐτίκ', ἐκ δὲ χρυσεῦς νέφους
 φωνή τις ἠὔδα μειλίχοις προσφθέγμασιν.

ὦ χαῖρε πολλά· χαῖρε παῖ θεοῦ· μάχην
 τὴν πάντ' ἀρίστην εὖ γε νικήσας ἔχεις,
 εἰς δ' ἀντὶ πολλῶν μῦνος ἀντέστης δορί.
 δίκης ὁ σεμνὸς προστάτης, λόγοισιν ὥς
 κρείσσων ἐφάνθη τῶν ἐναντίων ὅπλων,
 τῆς δ' εὐσεβείας καὶ δίκης ὑπερμαχῶν

Universal reproach, far worse to bear
Than violence; for this was all thy care,
To stand approved in sight of God, though worlds
Judged thee perverse."

VIII.

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard III.* (GLOSTER loquitur.)

I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Best fitteth my degree and your condition.
For, not to answer, you might haply think
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me:—
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So seasoned with your faithful love to me—
Then, on the other side, I checked my friends.
Therefore, to speak and to avoid the first,
And then in speaking not incur the last,
Definitively thus I answer you.—

ἐλοιδορήθης πολλὰ, δυστλητὸν παθεῖν
 ὕβρεως τε μεῖζον· τόδε γὰρ ἔσπευσας μόνον,
 θεῶ τ' ἀρέσκειν ὄνθ' ὑπηρέτην μόνῳ,
 φήμην βρότειον τ' ἄξι' οὐδενὸς νέμειν.

VIII.

Οὐκ οἶδ' ἔγωγε πότερα τοῦμ' ἀφεστάναι
 λόγων ἄφωνον, ἢ πικρῶς ὑμᾶς ψέγειν,
 καὶ τοῖς ἐμοῖς ἂν ὀρθὰ τοῖς θ' ὑμῶν ἔχοι·
 ἴσως γὰρ ἂν δόξαιμι μὴ λέγων τάχα,
 φιλοτιμίαν ἄφθογγον ἔνδοθεν τρέφων,
 ἐκὼν ἐκοῦσι τὴν ἐμὴν δοῦναι δερὴν
 τυραννίδος χρυσοῖσιν ἐνθεῖναι ζυγοῖς·
 εἰ δ' αὖτε τοὺς φίλους τε καὶ πιστοὺς ἅμα
 ἐλθόντας οὕτως ἔπεσι μεμψαίμην πικροῖς,
 εἴτ' ἂν λέγοιτέ μ' ὥς φιλοὺς σχάσαντα δῆ·
 πρὸς ταῦτα, φωνῶν ὥς τὸ μὲν φυγεῖν θέλων
 τὸ δ' εὐλαβηθεὶς μὴ προσῇ λόγοις ἐμοῖς,
 ὄρους προθήσω τούσδε δῆθ' ὑμῖν λόγων.

XI.

The same passage, continued.

Your love deserves my thanks, but my desert
Unmeritable shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path lay even to the crown,
As the ripe revenue and due of birth,
Yet, so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty and so many my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatness,
(Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,)
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smothered !
But, God be thanked, there is no need of me,
And much I need to help you, were there need :
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellowed by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of Majesty,
And make us, doubtless, happy by his reign.
On him I lay what you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy stars,
Which God defend that I should wring from him !

IX.

Τῆς μὲν παρ' ὑμῶν χάριν ἔχω προθυμίας,
 ὁκνεῖ δ' ἄ μου νῦν δεῖσθε τὰμ' ἀνάξια.
 πρῶτον γὰρ εἴ μοι μηδὲν ἐμποδὼν τύχοι
 τὸ μὴ οὐ πρὸς ἀρχὴν εὐπόρῳ χρῆσθαι στίβῳ
 γένους κατ' ἀγχιστεία γ' ἐνδίκως ἐμήν,
 ἀλλ' ὧδε φαῦλων ζύντροφον φρόνημ' ἔχων
 καὶ πρὸς γε πάντος τάγαθοῦ κεχρημένος
 ἐγὼ—σκάφος γὰρ εἰμ' ἔλασσον ἢ σάλῳ
 δεινῷ παλαίειν. πᾶν ἂν ἐκστήναι κράτος
 μᾶλλον θέλοιμ' ἂν, ἢ κρατῶν ἄποπτος ὢν,
 ἔρρειν κλέους κνισῶντι κατενεχθεὶς κάπνῳ·
 ἀλλ' ἄνδρος οὐ δεῖ τοῦδε (χάριν ἔχω θεῷ)
 αὐτὸς δὲ πολλὴν σπάνιν ἔχω προμηθείας·
 καρπὸς γὰρ ἐστὶ βασιλέως καλὸς καλοῦ,
 ὅστις πεπανθεὶς ὠρικῷ χρόνου τέλει
 θρόνων πατρώων ἄξιος φανήσεται,
 ἄρχων δὲ πᾶσιν ὄλβιον δώσει βίον.
 κείνῳ δ' ἐγωγε τάδε νέμω δωρήματα,
 ἃ μὴ 'φελέσθαι νιν γένοιτ' ἐμοῖ, δίκην
 εὔνου τύχην τε τοῦ θεοῦ τεκμήρια.

X.

Passage from SCOTT.

Breathes there a man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native Land?
Whose heart has ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
 From wand'ring on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go! mark him well!
For him no minstrel raptures swell:
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim:
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung!

XI.

The same passage, continued.

O Caledonia! stern and wild!
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood—

X.

Ἄρ' εἰς τοσόνδ' ἄνους τις ἄνθρωπων ἔφν,
 ὥστ' ἐντὸς αὐτοῦ μὴ λογίζεσθαι ποτε,
 “ἦδ' ἐστὶ μοι γῇ πάτρις,”—ὃς ξένης ἄπο
 πόδας πλανήτας νοστίμῳ τρέψας^a ὁδῶ
 μήποτε πρὸς οἶκον ἐντεθέρμανται κέαρ;
 κείνου γ' ἕκατι, τοῦτ' ἐπίστασ', οὔνεκα
 οὐδεὶς λύραν ἀοιδὸς ἐντιμον κρέκει.
 ὁ γὰρ, παλαιαῖς γαυριῶν τίμαισιν περ,
 σωροὺς τ' ἀμέτρους χρημάτων κεκτημένος,
 ὄνομά τε κλεινὸν, οὗτος, ἴσθ', ὅμως μόνον
 φρονῶν τά γ' αὐτοῦ, ζῶν μὲν αἰδοίου κλέους
 ἄμοιρος ἔσται, διπτύχῳ δ' αἰθις μόρῳ
 θανὼν κάκιστα πείσεται, μάλιστα δὲ
 ἐξ ἧς τάλας πέφυκε, συμμιγῆς κόνει,
 αἵσης ἀκλαύστου κάκλεοῦς προστεύζεται.

XI.

Σὺ δ' ἀγρία χθὼν, ὦ πάτρα Καληδόνων,
 δέσποιν' ὁρῶν ρείθρων τε, καὶ πυκνοῖς ναπῶν
 βρούουσα φύλλοις, κάπισσημος ἀγρίας
 ἄνθεσιν ἐρείκης, οἶον εἰ καταξία
 τρέφειν ἀοιδῶν κλεινὸν εὐλύρων γένος.

^a Or, line 4 above may be made to end with νόστιμον τρέψας πόδα.

Land of my Sires ! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band,
That knits me to thy rugged strand ?
Still as I view each well known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,—
Seems as to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left,
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.

XII.

"Autumn," by LONGFELLOW.

With what a glory comes and goes the year !
The birds of Spring, the beautiful harbingers
Of sunny skies and cloudless times, enjoy
Life's newness and earth's garniture spread out :
And when the silver habit of the clouds
Comes down upon the Autumn sun, and with
A sober gladness the Old Year takes up
His bright inheritance of golden fruits,
A pomp and pageant fill the splendid scene.
There is a beautiful spirit breathing now
Its mellow richness on the clustered trees ;
And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,
Pouring new glory on the Autumn woods,
And dipping in warm light the pillared clouds.

ὦ γῆ πατρώα, τίς με τραχείας χθονὸς
 τῆς σῆς δυναῖτ' ἄν, φιλτάτης πασῶν πολύ,
 ἀποσπάσαι πότ' ; ἀθλίως δὲ χαρμάτων
 πάντων ἔρημος, ἥνικ' ἄν σκοπώμεθα
 τὰ νῦν παρόντα, τῶν πάρος μεμνημένοι,
 οὐδεὶς δοκεῖ δὴ τῶν φίλων μένειν ἔτι
 πλὴν σῶν ναπῶν ρείθρων τε· τοιγαροῦν ὅσῳ
 μᾶλλον προσέρπω καὶ κακῶν πρὸς τοῦσχατον
 τόσῳ πόθος μοι μᾶλλον ἐντέτηκε σός.

XII.

Ὡς οὐνιαυτὸς ἔρχεται φαιδρὰν ἔχων
 χάριν τελεῖ τ'· ἐν ἡρι, νεογενεῖ φύσεως
 χαίρουσι θάλπει κάλυκες ἀνθοῦσαι ρόδων,
 εὐηλίων κήρυκες ἡμερῶν γλυκεῖς,
 χλόη τε γαίας εὐφυνεῖ· χῶταν βλέπη
 ὥς ἐκ καλύπτρας ἡλίας δι' ἀργυρῶν
 νεφῶν, χρόνος τε χρυσόκαρπον ἐκλαχὼν
 κλῆρον τέλειος ἥσυχον χαίρει χαράν,
 ἅπαντα λαμπρᾶς καλλόνης βρῖναι πέριξ.
 δαίμων δ' ἄγαλμα χρυσοφεγγές ἐκπνέων,
 δένδρη φαεννὰ συμφύτοις χροίας βαφαῖς,
 καρποῖς ἀγάλλει χρυσέοισι, δαψιλοῦς
 πάντῃ νέαν κρατῆρος ἐκχέων χάριν·
 βάπτει δὲ λεπτὰ θερμὸν ἐς φάος νέφη.

XIII.

The same passage, continued.

Morn on the mountain, like a summer bird,
Lifts up her purple wing; and, in the vales,
The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life
Within the solemn woods of ash deep-crimsoned,
And silver beech, and maple yellow-leaved,
Where Autumn, like a faint old man, sits down
By the wayside aweary. Through the trees
The golden robin moves. The purple finch,
That on wild cherry and red cedar feeds,
A winter bird, comes with its plaintive whistle,
And pecks by the witch-hazel; whilst, aloud,
From cottage roofs the warbling blue-bird sings;
And merrily, with oft repeated stroke,
Sounds from the thrashing floor the busy flail.

O! what a glory doth this world put on
For him, who with a fervent heart goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed and days well spent!
For him the wind, aye, and the yellow leaves,
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings:
He shall so hear the solemn hymn that Death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his resting-place without a tear.

XIII.

Λαμπρῷ δ' ἕως τῶρεια καλλύνει φάει,
 θέρειος ὥς τις πορφυροῖς φορούμενος
 ὄρνις πτεροῖσι· παγκρατεῖ δ' ἐν ἄγκεσι
 τέχνη πρόθυμος ἄνεμος ἀσπασμῷ κυνῶν
 πολλῷ τὰ φύλλ' ἔσωθεν εὐδένδρων μυχῶν
 ζῶν φέρει νέορτον, ἔνθα δὴ μέλη
 γεραί' ὁπώρα λελυμένη σκεπάσματα
 φιλόξενοι πλέκουσι φοινίκων κλάδοι
 μελιῶν, κόμη τε ξανθόθριξ σφενδαμινή,
 φηγοί τε λευκαί· χρυσέαισι δ' εὐσκίους
 ὄρνιθες ὕλας οἱ φιλάνθρωποι δέrais
 κοσμοῦσι, μινυρῶς δ' οἰκτρὸν ἄδοντες μέλος,
 οἷς κέρασος ἐστὶ καὶ κέδρος βορὰ φίλη,
 σπίνου πτίλοισι πορφυροῖσιν εὐπρεπεῖς
 κόπτουσι θάμνους ῥυγχείοις· στεγῶν δ' ἄπο
 τὰ γλαυκί' ἐκχέουσιν ὀξείαν χαράν,
 ἱλαρῶς δὲ λεία πληγμάτων πολλῶν ἄλως
 βοαῖσιν ἤχεϊ. πᾶσι δ' ἀνθρώποις, ὅσοι
 εἰς τὸν πάρος βλέπουσιν ἄσμενοι βίον,
 κηλίδος ἄμορον καὶ καλῶς εἰργασμένοις
 ἔργοισι λαμπρὸν, ἐμφανῶς λέγειν τὸ πᾶν
 θερμαῖσι καρδίαισιν οὐ φοβούμενοι,
 ὅσον τὸ κάλλος ἦδε γῇ τοιοῖσδ' ἔχει.
 τοιούσδε γ' ἄνεμος καὶ ναπῶν ξάνθη φόβη
 φθόγγον λαβοῦσα νουθετεῖ σοφώτατα,
 ὕμνον δ', ὃν ἄδει πᾶσι θάνατος ἐγκρατής,
 πάλαι σαφῶς μαθόντες, ὀφθαλμοῖς στέγην
 ἦξουσ' ἀκλαύτοις πάνδοκον γαίας κάτω.

XIV.

HORATII *Epist.* I. 2.

Trojani belli scriptorem, maxime Lolli,
Dum tu declamas Romæ, Præneste relegi;
Qui, quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,
Planius ac melius Chrysippo et Crantore dicit.
Cur ita crediderim, nisi quid te detinet, audi.
Fabula, quâ Paridis propter narratur amorem
Græcia Barbariæ lento collisa duello,
Stultorum regum et populorum continet æstus.
Antenor censet belli præcidere causam;
Quod Paris, ut salvus regnet vivatque beatus,
Cogi posse negat. Nestor componere lites
Inter Peliden festinat et inter Atriden:
Hunc amor, ira quidem communiter urit utrumque.
Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi:
Seditione, dolis, scelere atque libidine et irâ,
Iliacos intra muros peccatur et extra.

XIV.

Ξὺν ἡδονῇ, φέριστε Λόλλι', ἡνίκα
 ἀσκεῖς σὺ Ῥώμῃ ξυνδικεῖν, τὰ Τρωϊκὰ
 αὖθις διηλθον πάντα Πραινέστη πάλιν·
 ἐκ τῶνδε γὰρ μάθοις ἂν ἐμφανέστερον
 τὸ μὲν καλὸν καὶ χρήσιμον, τὸ δ' αὖτε μή,
 ἢ νουθετεῖ Χρῦσιππος ἢ Κράντωρ· τάδ' οὖν,
 ἣν σοι γένηται μηδὲν ἐμποδῶν, φράσω.
 μῦθος γάρ, ὅσπερ Ἑλλάδ' ἐμμανοῦς ὕπερ
 Πάριδος ἔρωτος βαρβάρους αὐδᾶ στρατοῖς
 ξυστᾶσαν, ὀργὰς βασιλέων σκαιῶν σαφῶς
 λαῶν τε δείκνυσ'· εἰσάπαξ μὲν ἀξιοῖ
 τὴν αἰτίαν τῆς ἔριδος Ἀντήνωρ τεμείν,
 Πάρις δὲ δείσας ὀλβίου κράτους πέρι
 οὐ πείθεται. Νέστωρ δὲ Πηλείδου κακὰς
 λύων Ἀτρεΐδου τ' ἔριδας, ὧν τὸν μὲν φλέγει
 ἔρως μάλ', ἀμφοῖν δ' ἄπτεται χόλος πικρός,
^bβουλὰς ἐπείγει φιλοφρόνως, στρατὸς δὲ πᾶς
 δίδωσιν, ὧν ἄνακτες ἤμαρτον, δικήν·
 οὕτω γὰρ ἔξω πανταχῇ Τροίας τ' ἔσω
 αἰσχιστ' ἴδοις ἄν· πάντα γὰρ ξυγχεῖ στάσις,
 ὀργή, δόλος πανοῦργος, ἀκόλαστός τ' ἔρως.

^b This line may be altered with advantage, by introducing the phrase σπουδὴν ἔχει παραινέιν.

XV.

The same, continued.

Rursus, quid virtus et quid sapientia possit,
Utile proposuit nobis exemplar Ulyssem;
Qui, domitor Trojæ, multorum providus urbes
Et mores hominum inspexit; latumque per æquor,
Dum sibi, dum sociis reditum parat, aspera multa
Pertulit, adversis rerum immersabilis undis.
Sirenū voces et Circæ pocula nosti;
Quæ si cum sociis stultus cupidusque bibisset,
Sub dominâ meretrice fuisset turpis et excors,
Vixisset canis immundus, vel amica luto sus.
Nos numerus sumus, et fruges consumere nati,
Sponsi Penelopæ, nebulones, Alcinoique
In cute curandâ plus æquo operata juvenus,
Cui pulchrum fuit in medios dormire dies, et
Ad strepitum citharæ cessatum ducere curam.
Ut jugulent homines, surgunt de nocte latrones:
Ut te ipsum serves, non expergisceris? atqui
Si noles sanus, curres hydropicus.

XV.

Ἄλλ' αὖθις ἀρετὴν καὶ σοφὴν φαίνων φρένα
 ὅποια δρῶσι, τᾶργ' Ὀδυσσέως καλοῦ
 ἡμῖν ἔγραψ' Ὅμηρος· οὗτος Ἴλίου
 πολλὰς δαμέντος πόλλ' ἀλώμενος πόλεις
 ἀνδρῶν ἔθη τ' ἐσεῖδε· κὰν πόντου σάλω
 νόστου πορίζων εἰ δύναιτό πως τυχεῖν,
 τυχαῖς ξυνέστη δυσπότοις, αἰὲ δ' ὅμως
 ἐξῆλθ' ἄθραυστος· ξὺν δὲ Σειρήνων μέλῃ
 θελκτηρίων, Κίρκης τε φάρμαχ' ἡδονῶν
 κακῶν γέμοντα, καὶ βροτοὺς ὕος φύσει
 αἰσχυρᾷ μιαίνοντ' ἢ κυνὸς, τὰδ' οὐδαμῶς
 βλάψαι νιν οἶά θ'. οἱ δὲ δρῶντες αὖ κακῶς
 ἀριθμὸς ἄλλως ἔσμεν, οἷς φαγεῖν μελεῖ,
 μνηστῆρες ἀργοὶ Πηνελόπης, καθάρματα,
 τρυφὴν ὑπέρφει γ', ὥσπερ οἱ μετ' Ἀλκινοῦ,
 τιμῶντες, ὥρας τ' εἰς μεσημβρινὰς ὕπνον
 τεῖναι φιλοῦντες, φροντίδας τε κοιμίσαι
 λύρας ὕπ'. Ἄρ' οὐ δεινὸν, εἰ φόνου χάριν
 φοιτῶσι λησταὶ νυκτὶ, σὺν δὲ τῆς σῆς ὕπερ
 σωτηρίας οὐχ ὕπνον ἀποβαλεῖς; μάθ' οὖν
 ἀσκεῖν σθένος σὸν, πρὶν σ' ἀναγκάσαι νόσον.

XVI.

HOR. Epist. I. 2, continued.

Et, ni

Posces ante diem librum cum lumine, si non
Intendes animum studiis et rebus honestis,
Invidiâ vel amore vigil torquere. Nam cur,
Quæ lædunt oculum, festinas demere; si quid
Est animum, differs curandi tempus in annum?
Dimidium facti, qui cœpit, habet; sapere aude,
Incipe: qui recte vivendi prorogat horam,
Rusticus exspectat, dum defluat amnis; at ille
Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.
Quæritur argentum puerisque beata creandis
Uxor, et incultæ pacantur vomere silvæ.
Quod satis est cui contigit, hic nihil amplius optet.
Non domus et fundus, non æris acervus et auri
Ægroto domini deduxit corpore febres,
Non animo curas. Valeat possessor oportet,
Si comportatis rebus bene cogitat uti.
Qui cupit, aut metuit, juvat illum sic domus et res,
Ut lippum pictæ tabulæ, fomenta podagrum,
Aurículas citharæ collectâ sorde dolentes.
Sincerum est nisi vas, quodcunque infundis, acescit.
Sperne voluptates; nocet emta dolore voluptas.

XVI.

Λαβοῦ μαθήσεως, ὄρθριος βίβλοις ὄλην
 τὸν νοῦν προσάψας, τό τε καλὸν σπεῦσον πρόφρων,
 μήπως σ' ἔρωσ τις ἢ φθόνος δάκη φρένας.
 τί, σῶμα παύειν αὐτίχ' ἱμείρων νόσου,
 μέλλεις ματεύειν φάρμακ' ἀλγούση φρένι ;
 φρονεῖν δὲ τόλμα, τοῦτο γινώσκων, ὅτι
 ἔργοισιν ἀρχή γ' ἐστὶ πᾶσιν ἡμισυ,
 ὅστις δ' ἂν ὀρθῆς ἀναβολὴν πράξεως φερῇ,
 πόταμον παρελθεῖν ὥσπερ ἄγροικος μένει·
 ὁ δ' οὐδὲν ἥσσω τὰς ῥοὰς ἔμπας προχεῖ.

Καὶ μὴν τίς οὐχὶ χρημάτων ἐφίεται,
 καὶ πλουσίας γυναικὸς εἰς παίδων γονήν,
 ἀρότροις τ' ἀρουρῶν ἡμερωμένων πέριξ ;
 οὐκοῦν τά γ' ἀρκοῦνθ' ἱκανὰ τοῖσι σώφροσιν ;
 οὐ γὰρ, σάφ' ἴσθι, χρήματ' οὔτε σώματι
 ὀδύνας ἀμύνει κάρτα τοῦ κεκτημένου
 οὔτ' οὖν μερίμνας πολυπόνους· ἦν δ' αὖ καλῶς
 χρῆσθαι θέλη τις ἂν θεὸς πόρῃ, νόσῳ
 οὐδὲν ξυνεῖναι δεῖ νιν· ᾧ γὰρ ἢ πόθου
 μέτεστιν ἢ φόβου τι, τοιούτῳ γύαι
 τίν' εἰσφέρουσιν ἡδονὴν ὑπερτέραν
 ἥσπερ γραφαὶ λημῶντι καὶ φωναὶ λυρῶν
 τῷ μὴ κλύοντι μηδέν ; ἄγγος γὰρ κακὸν
 ὕδωρ μιαίνει λαμπρόν· ἀλλὰ καρτέρει
 ἐφ' ἡδοναῖς στὰς, αἷσπερ ἀλγυνεῖ ξυνών.

XVII.

HOR. *Epist.* I. 2, *concluded.*

Semper avarus eget ; certum voto pete finem.
Invidus alterius macrescit rebus opimis ;
Invidiâ Siculi non invenere tyranni
Majus tormentum. Qui non moderabitur iræ,
Infectum volet esse, dolor quod suaserit et mens,
Dum pœnas odio per vim festinat inulto.
Ira furor brevis est : animum rege, qui, nisi paret,
Imperat : hunc frenis, hunc tu compesce catenâ.
Fingit equum tenerâ docilem cervice magister
Ire viam quâ monstret eques. Venaticus, ex quo
Tempore cervinam pellem latravit in aulâ,
Militat in silvis catulus. Nunc adbibe puro
Pectore verba, puer, nunc te melioribus offer.
Quo semel est imbuta recens, servabit odorem
Testa diu. Quod si cessas, aut strenuus anteis,
Nec tardum opperior, nec præcedentibus insto.

XVII.

'Ο πόλλ' ἔχων τοι πόλλ' αἰὲ χρήζει· σὺ δ' ἐν
 τέλος σκόπει τι· χῶ φθόνον τρέφων αἰεί—
 ὧν οὐδὲν εὔρε Φάλαρις ἄλγιον πότε—
 φθίνει τάχιστα τὸν καλῶς πράσσοντ' ἰδών.
 ὀργὴν ταχὺς κάθειργε, μὴ, δοῦναι δίκην
 μέλλων, τὰ σ' ἔργ' ἄπρακτα βουλευθῆς μάτην.
 ἐπεὶ δὲ μανία προσφερῆς ὀργὴ πέλει,
 τὰ πρῶτα θυμὸν, ὅσπερ ἦν μὴ δοῦλος ἦ
 ἄρξει δύσοιστος, ἐγκρατῶς κολαστέον.
 πῶλος γάρ ὥς τις ἱππότου καθ' ἡδονὴν
 νεαῖς ἐν ὦραις εὐχερῶς δαμάζεται,
 σκύλαξ δὲ θηρῶν σχήμασιν πλαστοῖς νεὸς ^d
 θηρᾶν ταχὺς ξυνήκεν· ὡσαύτως δὲ σύ, ^d
 ἕως ἔθ' ἥβης ἄνθος ἔστ' ἀκήρατον,
 σοφῶν λόγους ἔμπινε, χῶς χύτρα καλὴν
 ὀσμὴν λαβοῦσα νεοπαγῆς, λόγους αἰὲ
 χρηστοὺς φυλάξεις· μὴ βραδείαν οὖν ὁδὸν
 μῆδ' αὖ ταχεῖαν ἔρπ', ἐπεὶ οὐδ' ἐγὼ ποτ' ἂν
 ἕτερον διώξαιμ', οὐδὲ μείναιμ' ἂν θέλων.

^d These lines may be neatly varied, by introducing the phrase *μανθάνειν ἐκ μιμημάτων*.

XVIII.

“SARDANAPALUS,” Act. v. (*Myrrha loquitur.*)

The day at last hath broken. What a night
Hath ushered it! How beautiful in heaven!
Though varied with a transitory storm:
More beautiful in that variety!
How hideous upon earth! where peace and hope,
And love and revel in an hour were trampled
By human passions to a human chaos,
Not yet resolved to separate elements.—
'Tis warring still! And can the sun so rise,
So bright, so rolling back the clouds into
Vapours more lovely than the unclouded sky,
With golden pinnacles and snowy mountains,
And billows purpler than the Ocean's, making
In heaven a glorious mockery of the earth,
So like, we almost deem it permanent,
So fleeting, we can scarcely call it aught
Beyond a vision,—'tis so transiently
Scattered along the eternal vault; and yet
It dwells upon the soul, and soothes the soul,
And blends itself into the soul, until
Sunrise and sunset form the haunted epoch
Of sorrow and of love, which they who mark not,

XVIII.

Οἶον μὲν ἤδη νυκτὸς ἐξ οἴας πάρα
 γεννηθὲν ἦμαρ ὡς ἐν οὐρανῷ καλόν,
 πολλὰς δ' ἁμαυρῶν λαιλάπων δι' ἀλλαγὰς
 κάλλιον αὖθις βραχέος ἐκλάμπει σκότου.
 ἀλλ' οἶον ἦλθε τοῖς κάτω βροτοῖς μύσος·
 οἱ γὰρ διαστρόφοισιν ὀρμώντες φρεσὶ
 χαρὰν ἅπασαν κάλπιδ' εἰρηνήν δ' ὁμοῦ
 εἰς οἶον οὐδεὶς χωρίσαι πάλιν χάος
 κάτοιδ', ἔμιξαν ξυγχύσει πανωλλέθρῳ.
 ἀγὼν δὲ καὶ νῦν ἐστίν· ἀλλὰ τοῦ χάριν
 οὕτω πέφηνεν ἥλιος ; καὶ πῶς νέφη
 κούφους ἀνέπτυξ' εἰς ἀτμούς, οἷσπερ μάτην
 ἀνέφελος αἰθὴρ εἰς ἄμιλλαν ἔρχεται
 ὄρη νιφόβολα χρυσέας τ' αἶρων ἄκρας,
 καὶ πορφυρώτερ' Ὠκεανοῦ κλυδώνια,
 μίμημα γαίης ὥστ' ἐν οὐρανῷ ποιεῖν,
 πείθειν δὲ τὸν βλέποντα τάληθ' βλέπειν.
 ὅμως δ' ἄνω ποίκιλμα ποιῆσαν βραχὺ
 ἔπειθ' ὅμοιον οἴχεται φαντάσματι,
 οὐδ' ἄξιόν τι κληδόνος βελτίονος.
 καίτοι τόδ' εἶσδυν ἡπίαις ψυχὴν βίαις
 θελκτηρίοισί τ' εὐθέως ξυντήκεται,
 τέλος δὲ τοῖς τ' ἐρώσι καὶ λυπουμενοῖς
 φιλον τι κήλημ' ἀνατολαί τε καὶ δύσεις
 φέρουσιν. ἀλλ' ὅσους γε ταῦτα λανθάνει,

Know not the realms, where those twin genii—
Who chasten and who purify our hearts,
So that we would not change their sweet rebukes
For all the boisterous joys that ever shook
The air with clamour— build the palaces
Where their fond votaries repose and breathe
Briefly ; but in that brief, cool calm inhale
Enough of Heaven to enable them to bear
The rest of common, heavy, human hours,
And dream them through in placid sufferance ;
Though seemingly employed like all the rest
Of toiling breathers in allotted tasks
Of pain or pleasure, two names for one feeling,
Which our internal, restless agony
Would vary in the sound, although the sense
Escapes our highest efforts to be happy !

οὔτοι μεγίστους δύο θεοὺς, κολάσμασιν
οἱ τῶν σεβόντων καρδίας σωτηρίοις
ὀρθοῦσιν, ὥστε μὴ θέλειν πᾶσαν χαράν,
ὅση βοαῖς ἔσεισεν οὐρανοῦ κύκλον,
τῶνδ' ἀντιδοῦναι γ', οὐκ ἴσασιν οὖν ὅπου
τοίωσδε μόχθων ἡσυχῶς ἔχειν σφὲ δεῖ
ἀναψυχὴν μικρὰν μὲν ἀνταρκῇ δ' ὅμως·
ὅθεν πνοαῖς θείαισι θελχθέντες πόνον
τὸ λοιπὸν ἤδη, κοινὸν ἀνθρώπων βάρος,
φέροντες ἡρέμ', ὥς ὄναρ βίου μόνον,
μάλιστα καρτεροῦσι· καὶ ἴσου βρότοις
ἄλλοισι πράττειν τοὺς τεταγμένους πόρους.
εἴθ' ἡδονῆς δοκοῦσιν εἶτε πημονῆς·
διπλᾶ γὰρ οὕτως ὀνόματ' αἴσθησιν μίαν
καλοῦμεν, ἣν λόγῳ μὲν ἀλλάσσειν φιλεῖ
πάθη φρενῶν ἄληκτος, ἀλλ' ἔργῳ μάτην
βίου στοχαζόμεσθ' ἕκαστος ὀλβίου.

XIX.

"The Slave's Dream," by LONGFELLOW.

Beside the ungathered rice he lay,
His sickle in his hand ;
His breast was bare, his matted hair
Was buried in the sand :
Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,
He saw his native land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams,
The lordly Niger flowed ;
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain,
Once more a king he strode—
And heard the tinkling caravans
Descend the mountain road.

He saw, once more, his dark-eyed queen,
Among her children stand ;
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,
They held him by the hand !
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids,
And fell into the sand.

And then, at furious speed he rode
Along the river's bank ;
His bridle-reins were golden chains ;
And, with a martial clank,
At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel
Smiting his courser's flank.

XIX.

Στέρνον μὲν εὐρὺ γυμνός, ἐν δὲ ψαμμίοις
 τὴν ἀκτένιστον ἐν πίνοις κρυφθεὶς κόμην,
 ἴσχων ὁ δοῦλος κοπίδα καρτερᾷ χερὶ
 ἔκειτ' ὀρύζης ἐγγὺς ἀψαύστου θέρου.
 ἐνταῦθ' ἔδοξεν ἐκταθεὶς ὀρᾶν ὕπνου
 γαίαν πατρώαν ἐν δνόφοις· καὐθις πάλιν
 φόβαις ὑφ' ὑψηλαῖσι φοινίκων, ὅπου
 πεδίων ἀνάσσει πiónων μεγασθενῆς
 Νίγειρος, ὡς πάροιθε, βασιλικῇ πάτῳ
 ἔστειχ', ἄπωθεν ἐμπόρων πομπαῖς μακραῖς
 ὄρεια σὺν τερπνοῖσι κωδώνων κρότοις
 κέλευθ' ἀθρῶν τέμνοντας. ἐμπάλιν δὲ καὶ
 ἄνασσαν εἶδεν ὡς πάρος τοῖς φιλτάτοις
 τέκνοις ξύνουσαν· ὡς δέ γ' ἐν δόξαις ὕπνου
 χαίροντες ἡσπάζοντο προσβολαῖς χερῶν
 φιλήμασιν τε καὶ δέρης περιπτυχαῖς
 εἰς ψάμμον ἐστάλαξεν ἐκ χαρᾶς δάκρυ.
 ἔπειτ' ἀρείων ἔμπλεος φρονημάτων
 ἵππον δι' ὄχθας ποταμίας χρυσήνιον,
 ταχεῖ ψοφοῦντος κουλεοῦ λαμπροῦ δρόμου,
 σπεύσας ἀπὸ ρυτῆρος ἐξωρμήσατο.

XX.

The same, continued.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,
The bright flamingoes flew ;
From morn to night he followed their flight
O'er plains where the tamarind grew,
Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,
And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,
And the hyæna scream,
And the river-horse, as he crush'd the reeds
Beside some hidden stream ;
And it passed like a glorious roll of drums,
Through the triumph of his dream !

The forests, with their myriad tongues,
Shouted of liberty ;
And the blast of the desert cried aloud
With a voice so wild and free,
That he started in his sleep, and smiled
At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,
Nor the burning heat of day ;
For death had illumined the land of sleep,
And his lifeless body lay
A worn-out fetter, that the soul
Had broken, and thrown away !

XX.

Ὅρνεις δ' ἄνω πάροιθε φοινικοπτέρους
 πυκνὰς φάλαγγας φοίνιου φάρους δίκην,
 δι' αἰθέρος τείνοντας, ἀκαμάτῳ φυγῇ
 ἔδοξ' ἀπ' ὄρθρου νυκτέρων μέχρι σκότων
 πέδια περὼν βρυόντα θαυμαστῆς φόβης
 διωκάθειν, ἕωσπερ ἄλμυρὸν σάλον
 σκηνάς τ' ἐσείδεν ἀγρίων Καφρηρίων.
 ἢ δ' αὖ λέοντος νύκτα βαρύβρομος βοή,
 βοή θ' ὑαίνης ὀξύφωνος, ἔν θ' ἔλει
 κρυπτῷ βίαιος ποταμίων ἵππων ψόφος
 πυκνοὺς πατούντων δόνακας, ἐν φαντάσμασιν
 ὄνειράτων καλοῖσι προσφερῆς κτύπῳ
 παρῆλθ' ἀρείας ὀρθίῳ βύρσης τινί.
 φορουμένῳ δὲ πάντα μυρίαὶς νάπη
 ἤχησε φωναῖς ἡμέραν ἐλευθέραν,
 ψάμμον δ' ἐρήμης παγκρατῆς πνοῇ χθονὸς
 φωνῇ διάσσουσ' ἀγρία νιν ἐξ ὕπνου
 ἡγείρειν εὖδονθ', ὥστε προσεγέλα μένος
 ἐλεύθερον γεγηθότ' ἀχαλίνου πνοῆς
 αὐθις δὲ μαστίγων ὕπ' οὐκ ἐφυσία
 μεσημβρινῶν τε θαλπέων, ἐπεὶ βίου
 ψυχὴ δυσοίστου θάνατον ἀντηλλάξατο,
 ῥήξασα δ' ἔβαλε σώματος θνητοῦ πέδας,
 ἔκειτο δ' ἡσύχως τότε ἄψυχος νεκρός.

Lyra Hellenica.

PART III.

LYRA HELLENICA.

EXERCISE I.

“*Paradise Lost.*” B. III. L. 227.

FATHER! thy word is passed—Man shall find grace :
And shall Grace not find means, that finds her way,
The speediest of thy winged messengers,
To visit all thy creatures, and to all
Comes unprevented, unimplored, unsought?
Happy for man, so coming—he her aid
Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost :
Atonement for himself or offering meet,
Indebted and undone, hath none to bring.
Behold me then—me for him—life for life
I offer—on *me* let thine anger fall!
Account me man—I for his sake will leave
Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee
Freely put off, and for him lastly die
Well-pleased : On me let Death wreak all his rage!
Under his gloomy power I shall not long
Lie vanquished : Thou hast given me to possess
Life in myself for ever : by thee I live,
Though now to Death I yield, and am his due,
All that of me can die : yet, that debt paid,
Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave
His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul
For ever with corruption there to dwell.

EXERCISE I.

Σὺ ταῦθ' ὑπέσχου δὴ πάτερ· βροτοῖσί δε
 χάρις πάρεσται· πῶς γὰρ οὐχ ὁδὸν χάρις
 βία γ' ἂν εὖροι, τῶν βροτῶν ἥτις γένει
 ἔτοιμος ἀεὶ καὺτεπάγγελτος πάρα,
 ἐκούσα τ' οὐ ζητοῦσι συμπαρασταεῖ·
 τρὶς ὀλβιος δῆθ' ὄνπερ ᾧδ' ἐπισκοπεῖ·
 ἅπαξ γὰρ εἴ τις, οὐδὲν ὦν ἀμαρτίαις,
 ἡμαρτεν αὐτῆς, οὐκ ἂν ἐξεύροι πάλιν·
 λύσιν τε προσφορὰν τε θυσίας θεῶ
 θνητός γ' ὀφείλων τις πότ' εὔχοιτ' ἂν τίνειν·
 ἄλλ' αὐτὸς εἶμι, κἀντὶ τοῦ θνητῶν γένους
 ἐκὼν ἐμαντὸν ἀντίποινα δώσομαι,
 ὀργῇ τε τῇ σῇ τοῦμόν ἀνθέξω κάρα.
 μορφὴν δ' ἐς ἀνδρὸς μεταβαλόντ' ἐμὴν φύσιν,
 πάτερ, παρασχὲς τάσδε μ' ἀμβρότους ἔδρας
 λιπόντα δόξης ἐξαφίστασθαι τὸ πᾶν,
 ἦν γ' αὐτὸς ἐκ σοῦ δεύτερος κυρῶν ἔχω,
 ἐκόντα τ', οὐκ ἄκοντά γ', αὐτ' ἀνδρῶν θανεῖν.
 θύμοιτο τοίνυν, ἥτις ἀγριωτάτη,
 ἐμοὶ δι' ὀργῆς θάνατος, οὔ τι γὰρ μένει
 κείνου γε δηρὸν κείσομαι δεδμημένος,
 τοῦ ζῆν δ' ἔθηκας ᾧ πάτερ μ' ἐπηβόλον
 ἄνθ' ὦν ὑπείκω νῦν γ' ἐκὼν, καὶ ζῶν ἔτι
 θανεῖν ὀφείλω, θνητόν εἰ τί γ' ἔστ' ἐμόν.
 ὅταν δὲ τήνδε ζημίαν αὐτὸς τίνω,
 οὐ δὴ σὺ λείψεις μ', ᾧ πάτερ, ψυχρὰν τάφου
 διαφθορὰν βλέψοντα, τήνδ' ἀκήρατον
 ψυχὴν ξύνοικον Ἀΐδι δύστηνόν τ' ἄγραν.

II.

The same passage, continued.

But I shall rise victorious, and subdue
My vanquisher, spoiled of his vaunted spoil :
Death his death-wound shall then receive, and stoop
Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarmed.
I through the ample air, in triumph high,
Shall lead Hell captive, maugre Hell, and show
The powers of darkness bound. Thou, at the sight
Pleased, out of Heaven shall look down and smile,
While by thee raised, I ruin all my foes,
Death last, and with his carcass glut the grave :
Then with the multitude of my redeemed
Shall enter Heaven, long absent, and return,
Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud
Of anger shall remain, but peace assured
And reconciliation ; wrath shall be no more
Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire.

II.

Νίκης μὲν οὖν τροπαῖ' ἔχων ἥξω πάλιν
 σεμνὸς τριακτῆρ, σῦλα τ' ἀνθαιρήσεται
 ἅ' πρόσθ' ἐσύλησ' αὐτὸς, ἡδὲ καιρίᾳ
 πλήγῃ δαμασθεῖς, κέντρα τ' αὐτ' ἀφαιρεθεῖς
 τὰ δεινὰ, θάνατος κείσεται πεσῶν χαμαί.
 ἐγὼ δὲ σεμνὸν αἰθέρος τέμνων πόλον
 ὁ πάντα νικῶν, Ἄϊδα δεσμωθέντ' ἰδεῖν
 ἄκοντα τ' ἄξω, τοὺς τε νερτέρου σκότους
 ἐν αἰχμαλωτοῖς δαίμονας στήσω πέδαις.
 τότε εὐφρανεῖ σύ τ' αὐτὸς εἰσορῶν, πάτερ,
 πολλῇ τάδ' ἔργα σὺν χαρᾷ, χερσίν τ' ἐγὼ
 ταῖς σαῖς ἐγερθεῖς, τοῖς τ' ἐμοῖς ἐπεγγελῶν
 ἐχθροῖσι θάνατον ὕστατον δεδμημένον
 θήσω, θανόντος σῶμα τ' αὖ δώσω τάφῳ.
 πρὸς οὐρανοῦ δὲ χρόνιος εὐαγείς ἔδρας
 αὐτὸς κατελθὼν, ξὺν δ' ὅσοις σωτήρ ἐγὼ
 πέφηνα, τὴν σὴν ὄψιν ὀψόμεσθ' αἰεί.
 ὀργῆς δὲ τῆς πρὶν οὐδὲν ὀφρύσιν νέφος
 ταῖς σαῖς ἔπесται, φαιδρὰ δ' ὀφθαλμοῖς βλέπων
 ἔσῃ νέαισιν εὐμενὴς καταλλαγαῖς,
 ὀργῆς τ' ἀμείψεις τῆς πρὶν ἔμπεδον χαράν.

III.

Passage from "Samson Agonistes."

MAN.

Come, come, no time for lamentation now,
Nor much more cause; Samson hath quit himself
Like Samson, and heroically hath finished
A life heroic; on his enemies
Fully revenged, hath left them years of mourning,
And lamentation to the sons of Caphtor
Through all Philistine bounds; to Israel
Honour hath left and freedom, let but them
Find courage to lay hold on this occasion;
To himself and father's house eternal fame:
And, which is best and happiest yet, all this
With God not parted from him, as was feared,
But favouring and assisting to the end.
Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast: no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame; nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.
Let us go find the body where it lies
Soaked in his enemies' blood; and from the stream
With lavers pure, and cleansing herbs, wash off
The clotted gore.

III.

Δεῦτ'· οὐ τι θρήνων οὐτ' ὀδυρμάτων ἀκμή·
 οὐδ' ἔσθ' ὃ κλαύσεται· ὥς πρέπει Σαμφῶν ὅδε
 μάχην ἄτρεστος γέγονε, καὶ θανὼν καλῶς,
 τέλος δὲ κάμψας ἔλιπεν εὐκλεῶς βίον,
 ἐχθροῖς δὲ πολλοὺς οἷχεται γόους λιπῶν,
 πολύν τ' ἄρ' ἐχθροῖς κλαυθμὸν οἷχεται λιπῶν,
 πένθος τε παισὶ Κάφτορος, Φιλιστίας
 γαίας ὅσοι ναίουσιν ἐσχάτους ὁρούς·
 ἡμῖν δὲ τιμῆς γῆς τ' ἐλευθέρας λαχεῖν,
 ἣν μή τις ὄκνος δειλία κλέψῃ φρένας.
 καὶ δὴ πατρώοις μόνιμον ἐν δόμοις κλέος
 πεσὼν λέλοιπε, ξυμμαχεῖ τ' αὐτῷ θεός,
 (ὃ δὴ μέγιστον κέρδος,) εὐφιλῶς τ' αἰεὶ
 σωτὴρ ἄελπτος ἐς τέλος παραστατεῖ.
 οὐχ ὧδε κλαυθμοῦ καιρὸς ἢ στεναγμάτων,
 οὐ στέρν' ἀράξαι χερσίν· οὐ τι γὰρ κακοῦ
 δειλοῦ τ' ἔνεστι λήματος, θράσος δ' ἐπὴν
 ἄμεμπτον, οἷον οὐ τις ἂν βροτῶν ψέγοι·
 οὐτ' οὖν ὃ μὴ τερφθῇτ' ἂν εἰσορᾷ, φίλοι,
 πάρεστιν οὐδέν· τοιγαροῦν στέργειν πρέπει
 τοῦδ' ἀνδρὸς ὧδε κειμένου μάλ' εὐκλεῶς.
 δεῦρ' οὖν τις, ἐχθρῷ τ' αἵματοσταγῇ φόνῳ
 ἰὼν τάχ', οὐπερ ἔθανεν, εὐρήσεις νεκύν,
 ἄγνοῖς τε λουτροῖς καὶ καθάρμασιν φίλοις
 ὕδατος μυδώσας σταγόνας ἔκμαξον χερί.

IV.

"The Water-Lily."

Burdened with a cureless sorrow
Came I to the river deep,
Weary, hopeless of the morrow,
Seeking but a place to sleep :
Sparkling onwards, full of gladness,
Each sun-crested wavelet flew,
Mocking my deep-hearted sadness,
Till I sickened at the view.
Then I left the sunshine golden,
For the gloomy willow shade,
Desolate and un beholden,
There my fainting limbs I laid.
And I saw a water-lily
Resting on its trembling bed,
On the drifting waters chilly,
With its petals white outspread.
Pillowed there it lay securely,
Moving with the moving wave,
Up to heaven gazing purely,
From the river's gloomy grave.

IV.

Ἄλγος φρενῶν ἔσωθ' ἀνήκεστον τρέφων
κατῆλθον εἰς ρεῖθρόν τι, καὶ πόνῳ καμῶν
ἀνελπισ ἐξήτησα δακρύων τόπον.
ὁ δ' αὖ, γελῶν ὦς, πόταμος, εὐφιλὴς ἰδεῖν,
φαιδρώπ' ἐκύκλει νάμαθ', οἷ' ἐπεγγελῶν
κακοῖσιν, ὥστ' ἰδόντα μ' ἐκστῆναι φρενῶν.
χρυσᾶς τότ' αὐγὰς ἥλιον τ' ἡμειψάμην,
μόνος καθέρπων φηγινὴν ὑπὸ σκιάν,
λαθραῖος ἐλθών· κᾶτ' ἐκεῖ παρειμένος
ἔκλινα κώλων ἄθλιον βάρος χαμαί.
εἰδόν τ' ἐπ' ἄκρου λεπτὸν οἷδματος κρίνον
τρομεραῖς ἐν εὐναῖς μαλθακῶς κατακλιθέν,
πετάλων τε κάλλος ὥσπερ ἐξ ὑγροῦ τάφου
ἔβλεψ' ἐς αἰθέρ' εὐρὺν ὄμμασιν φίλοις.

V.

The same, continued.

As I looked, a burst of glory
Fell upon the snowy flower,
And the lessoned allegory
Learned I in that blessed hour :—
Thus does Faith, divine, indwelling,
Bear the soul o'er life's cold stream,
Though the gloomy billows swelling
Evermore still darker seem.
Yet the treasure never sinketh,
Though the waves around it roll,
And the moisture that it drinketh,
Nurtures, purifies the soul.
Thus, aye looking up to Heaven,
Should the white and calm soul be,
Gladden in the sunshine given,
Nor from the clouds shrink fearfully.
So I turned, my weak heart strengthened,
Patiently to bear my woe,
Praying, as the sorrow lengthened,
My endurance too might grow.
And my earnest heart beseeching,
Charmed away the sense of pain,
So the Lily's silent teaching
Was not given to me in vain.

V.

Σκοπῶν δ' ἔπειτ' εὐφεγγές εἰσεῖδον φάος
 ἔφ' ἄγνὸν ἄνθος ἐξῦπερθεν ἐμπίτνον·
 καὶ δὴ κατεῖδον ὀψὲ νουθετούμενος
 τὴν πίστιν, οἷα δῶρον ἄμβροτον θεοῦ
 ὑπὲρ θαλάσσης ἀγριωτάτης βίου,
 ψυχους τ' ἀτερποῦς καὶ δυσηλίου σκότου,
 φρενῶν ἔνοικος, ῥᾶστα τὴν ψύχην φέρει.
 καὶ δὴ θυέλλης δεινὸν οἰδούσης, σκάφος
 πλούτου γεμισθὲν οὐδαμῶς ποντίζεται·
 κρήνη τ', ἅψ' ἥσπερ γλυκερὸν ἐκπίνει γάνος,
 ψύχην καθαίρει καὶ τρέφει καθ' ἡμέραν.
 οὕτω δ' ἄρ' ἄγνὸν οὐράνου ψύχῃ τόδε
 χαίρουσα φέγγος εἰσβλέπειν διδάσκεται,
 εὐηλίοις τ' αὐγαῖσι τερφθῆναι βίου,
 τὸ συννεφές τε μηδαμῶς ὀκνεῖν πότε.
 αὐτὸς δ' ἐθάρσουν καὶ τὸ καρτερὸν φρενὸς
 λαβὼν, τὰ δεινὰ τοῦ βίου φέρειν ἔτλην,
 ἐπηυχόμην τε, μείζον ἢν ἄλγος κυρῇ,
 ἐκόνθ' ὑποίσειν τοῦμὸν εὐτόλμως μέρος.
 λιταῖς τε δηρὸν λιπαρῶν παιωνίοις
 τὸ δεινὸν ἄχθος ἐξεκληθήην φρενῶν,
 πολλήν τε κάρτα, κέρδος οὐ σμικρὸν, κακὰ
 στέργειν διδαχθεῖς, οἶδα τῷ κρίνῃ χάριν.

VI.

Passage from MILTON'S "Comus."

I'll tell ye; 'tis not vain or fabulous
(Though so esteemed by shallow ignorance)
What the sage poets, taught by the heavenly Muse,
Storied of old, in high immortal verse,
Of dire chimæras, and enchanted isles,
And rifted rocks, whose entrance leads to Hell:
For such there be; but unbelief is blind.

Within the navel of this hideous wood,
Immured in cypress shades a sorcerer dwells,
Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,
Deep skilled in all his mother's witcheries;
And here to every thirsty wanderer
By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,
With many murmurs mixed, whose pleasing poison
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
And the inglorious likeness of a beast
Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage
Charactered in the face.

VI.

Οὔτοι μάταιον οὐδὲ μυθώδη λόγον,
 ἄγνωτα δ' ἄγνοοῦσι κάψευδῇ λέγω.
 Μουσῶν γὰρ ἁγνῶν ἐκδιδαχθέντες πότε
 ἐξήδον ὕμνοις ἀμβρότοισιν οἱ πάλαι
 δάκη Χιμαιρῶν, καὶ τάχ' ἂν δεινοὺς κλυτῶν
 νήσων ἐνοίκους οὐ κάτ' ἀνθρώπου φύσιν,
 κοιλωπά τ' ἀγμῶν στόμια, Πλούτωνος πύλας·
 ἔργῳ τὰδ' ἔστιν, οὐχ ὄρᾳ δ' ἀπιστία.

ἐν ὀμφάλῳ γὰρ τῇσδε τῆς δυσηλίου
 νάπης, μάγος τις φυλλάδων ὄρφνην ἔχει,
 κυπαρισσινὸν σκήνημα· τὸν δὲ Βακχίῳ
 ἔτικτε Κίρκη, μητρὸς εἰδότ' εὖ τέχνας.
 ἦν γάρ τις ἐλθὼν διψία γλώσση κάμη,
 τούτῳ κακῶν κρατῆρα πορσύνει δόλων,
 καὶ πόλλ' ἐπάδων, ἡδοναῖς θελκτηρίοις
 χροίας μετέβαλε κάλλος, ὅστις ἂν πῖη,
 ἐκ τ' ὀμμάτων ἤλειψε τὴν φρενῶν γραφήν,
 εἰκὼ χαράξας θηρὸς αἰσχίστην ἰδεῖν.

VII.

BYRON'S "*Lara*," C. II. St. 16.

Day glimmers on the dying and the dead,
The cloven cuirass and the helmless head;
The warhorse masterless is on the earth,
And that last gasp hath burst his bloody girth:
And near, yet quivering with what life remained,
The heel that urged him and the hand that reined:
And some too near that rolling torrent lie,
Whose waters mock the lip of those that die;
That panting thirst which scorches in the breath
Of those that die the soldier's fiery death,
In vain impels the burning mouth to crave
One drop, the last—to cool it for the grave;
With feeble and convulsive effort swept,
Their limbs along the crimsoned turf have crept;
The faint remains of life such struggles waste,
But yet they reach the stream, and bend to taste;
They feel its freshness, and almost partake—
Why pause?—No further thirst have they to slake.—
It is unquenched, and yet they feel it not—
It was an agony, but now forgot!

VII.

Καὶ δὴ θανόντων καὶ θανουμένων ὕπερ
 τέλλουσ' ἕως πέφηνε, καὶ τετρημένους
 θώρακας εἰσορᾷ τε πηλήκων ἐκεῖ
 μέτωπα γυμνωθέντα· καὶ χαμαιπετῆς
 οὐχ εἰς σφαδασμῷ θανασίμῳ θυμοῦ μένος,
 φαλάρων ῥαγέντων, ἵππος ἐκπνέων κυρεῖ.
 πέλας δ' ἄρ' ἵππεὺς ἡμιθνής κείται φίλα
 πρὸς κέντρα κῶλον χεῖρα τ' ἐκταθεὶς ἔτι
 πολλῶν τε ρεῖθρον ἀμφικειμένων γάνος
 ξηροῖς μεγαίρει στόμασί τις δαίμων κακός.
 χεῖλη τε δεινὸν ζῶπυρεῖ δίψος, πυρὶ
 ὥσπερ μάραινον, τοῖς μάχῃ πεπτωκόσι.
 μάτην τε κρήνης εὐμενοῦς ποθεῖ στόμα
 πυρωθὲν, ἥτις ὑστάτην γ' ἀναψυχὴν
 τύμβῳ παράσχη· θανασίμοις τέ τις μάτην
 σπασμοῖσιν ἔλκων κῶλ' ἔφ' αἵματορρύτου
 χθονὸς, τὸ λοιπὸν ἰσχύος σκεδᾷ μένος,
 ὕδατος πελασθεὶς καὶ σχεδὸν θιγὼν χερί.
 σαίνει σφὲ γὰρ τὸ ψυχρόν· ἄλλ' οὐ πίεται
 πάλιν γ' ὁ τλήμων, οὔτε διψήσει πότε.
 διψᾷ δὲ πᾶς, διψῶν δ' ἔτ' οὐκ ἐπήσθητο·
 σπασμὸς δ' ἔθαλψεν ἄρτι καὶ διοίχεται.

VIII.

"The Dial of Flowers," by MRS. HEMANS.

'Twas a lovely thought to mark the hours,
As they floated in light away,
By the opening and the folding flowers
That laugh to the Summer's day.

Thus had each moment its own rich hue,
And its graceful cup and bell,
In whose coloured vase might sleep the dew,
Like a pearl in an ocean-shell.

To such sweet signs might the time have flowed
In a golden current on,
Ere from the garden, man's first abode,
The glorious guests were gone.

So might the days have been brightly told—
Those days of song and dreams—
When the shepherds gathered their flocks of old
By the blue Arcadian streams.

So in those isles of delight that rest
Far off in a breezeless main,
Which many a bark with a weary guest
Has sought, but still in vain.

Yet is not Life in its real flight
Marked thus, even thus, on earth,
By the closing of one hope's delight,
And another's gentle birth?

O! let us live so that, flower by flower
Shutting in turn may leave
A lingerer still for the sunset hour,
A charm for the shaded eve.

VIII.

Ἡ κάρτα συνετὸς ὅστις ἄνθεσιν πότε
 τοῖς καλλιφύλλοις χρώμενος καθ' ἡμέραν
 προὔφηνε πρῶτος ταχυπόδων ὥρων δρόμον.
 κάλλος θ' ἐκάστη κεῖχαρις χροίας βαφῇ
 ὑπῆρχε, καὶ κύπελλα, κεῖκυκλος κάλυξ,
 ἐν ᾗ καθεύδουσ' αἱ δρόσοι, κάθως πότε
 ὁ μαργαρίτης ἄλιος ἐν κόγχῳ τινι.
 χῶ χρυσοφεγγῆς ὧδέ που τάχ' ἂν χρόνος
 φεύγων ἀπέρρει, πρὶν τὸν ἀθάνατον θεοῦ
 κῆπον πότ' ἀνδρῶν εὐκλεῇ ξυνώριδα
 προγόνους τε πάντων καταλιπεῖν ἀλωμένους.
 πολλοὶ δ' ἂν οὕτως ἡμέρας ἐπέμπασαν
 οἱ πρόσθεν ἡμῶν Ἄρκαδες, πανημερὸν
 τερφθέντες ὦδαῖς εὐλύροις, φίλῃ παρὰ
 ὄχθῃ, πατρῶων ποιμνίων ἐπιστάται·
 νήσων τ' ἔνοικοι τῶν περιρρύτων, ὅσαι
 εὐδουσι παντὸς, ὥσπερ ἡ φάτις κρατεῖ,
 ἀνήνεμοι χειμῶνος· ἅς τῶν ναυβατῶν
 οὐκ εἰς τις, ἀλλὰ μύριοι, πολλῶ πόνῳ
 ζητοῦντες οὐποθ' εὖρον. ὧδε δ' αὖ δοκεῖν
 εὐγνωστ' ἔχει πως σήμαθ' ἀνθρώπων βίος.
 ἡ μὲν γὰρ ἔλπις ζῆ τε, καὶ ῥόδου τρόπον
 κεῖται πεσοῦσα, καὶ νέαν τίκτει πάλιν.
 νῦν δ' ὧδε καιρὸς ζῆν ἵν' ἐλπίδων πανὺ
 ψευσθεῖσιν ἔλπις ἐσπέρας μιὰ παρῇ,
 ἥτις βίου δύνοντος εὐφρανεῖ τέλος
 ξυνοῦσα, νύκτα πρὶν μολεῖν πανυστάτην.

IX.

BYRON'S "*Corsair*," C. I. St. 16.

From crag to crag descending swiftly sped
Stern Conrad down, nor once he turned his head ;
But shrunk whene'er the windings of his way
Forced on his eye what he would not survey,
His lone but lovely dwelling on the steep,
That hailed him first when homeward from the deep ;
And she—the dim and melancholy star,
Whose ray of beauty reached him from afar,—
On her he must not gaze, he must not think,
There he might rest, but on Destruction's brink :
Yet once almost he stopped, and nearly gave
His fate to chance, his projects to the wave :
But no !—it must not be—a worthy chief
May melt, but not betray to woman's grief.
He sees his bark—he notes how fair the wind,
And sternly gathers all his might of mind :
Again he hurries on, and as he hears
The clang of tumult vibrate on his ears,
The busy sounds, the bustle of the shore,
The shout, the signal, and the dashing oar,
As marks his eye the sea-boy on the mast,
The anchors rise, the sails unfurling fast,
The waving kerchiefs of the crowd that urge
That mute adieu to those that stem the surge ;
And, more than all, his blood-red flag aloft,
He marvelled how his heart could seem so soft.

IX.

Τότ' οὖν κατ' ἄκρων σὺν τάχει Κουνδάριος
 στυνγνὸς κατῆλθεν, οὔθ' ὑπέστρεψεν κάρα·
 ἔφριξε δ' αὖ μέσαισιν ἐν καμπαῖς ὁδοῦ
 ἰδὼν ἅ δὴ μόλις γ' ἂν εἰσορᾶν ἔτλη,
 στέγας τ' ἐρήμους καὶ δόμους ἐπηρατούς,
 τοῖς οἰκάδ' ὀρμίσασιν ἐνάλιον πλάτην
 ναύταις κάτοπτον ἀσμένιοισι, καὶ κόραν
 κείνην, ὅπως τιν' ἀστέρ' ἡμανρωμένον,
 φῶς μαλθακὸν βάλλουσαν ἀκτίνων πρόσω·
 ποθεῖ δὲ νύμφης ὄμμασιν παλιντρόποις
 μάτην στοχασθείς· ὧδέ που τῷ δυσμόρφῳ
 σταντὸς τ' ὀλέθρου πλησίον μεῖναι πάρα·
 τάχ' ἂν δ' ἐπαύσθη τῆς ὁδοῦ, καὶ τῇ τύχῃ
 μεθεῖς τὸ μέλλον οἷδμασιν τ' ἀποξένοισι
 ἀπείπ' ἂν αὐτός· τίς δ' ἀνὴρ νύμφης φρένα
 ἔρωτι δηχθεὶς αὐτὸν ἂν προδοὺς τύχοι;
 τοιαῦτα φωνῶν, πνεῦμα τ' οὔριον βλέπει,
 θράσος τ' ἐγείρων τηλόθεν τὴν ναῦν ὁρᾷ,
 κᾶτ' αὖθις ἄσσει, καὶ κλόνους ἀσπίστορας
 κέλαδον τ' ἐν ὥσὶ καὶ βοὴν παράκτιον,
 θόρυβον κελευστῶν καὶ πλατῶν εὐηρέτμων
 κλύει γεγηθώς· καὶ τόθ' ἰστὸν αὖ βλέπει
 ἀρθέντα λευκῶν θ' ἰστίων ἀναπτυχάς,
 ὄχλον τε σιγῇ τοὺς φίλους εὐχαῖσι τε
 ναύτας προπέμποντ' οἶμον ἐνάλιον περᾶν,
 καὶ σῆμ' ὑπερθεν αἵματοῦν· ἰδόντι δὲ
 θαῦμ' ἦν, ὁθούνεχ' ὧδ' ἐθελύνθη κέαρ.

X.

"No more."

"No more!" O! what unuttered grief
Dwells in those chill, prophetic words!
The tomb of every warm belief,
They strike upon the heart's deep chords,
Like the faint warning of a dream—
The shadows from some mystic shore,
Where jewels flash—where roses gleam—
We hear the wailing tones—"No more!"
"No more!" The summer founts may throw
Their music on the air;
The sunset lend its opal glow
To skies that seemed before so fair—
And such a flood of liquid light
May rest on mount and sea and shore,
As bathed old Ida's classic height;—
Yet some low voice shall say, "No more!"
"No more!" Throughout the boundless earth
They blend with Hope's fallacious dream;
They echo through the haunts of mirth,
A whisper of the Past they seem:
Who hath not heard, 'mid light and song,
'Mid pageantry and pride and power,
Those spirit-voices round him throng,
That mock the glitt'ring festal hour?

X.

“Τέλος πάρεστιν.” ἄλγος ὥς ἤδη μέγα
 τὸν θεσπίῳδα ταῦτ’ ἔπη κλύοντ’ ἔχει,
 τύμβος γὰρ ὡς τις τῆς νεαζούσης φρενὸς,
 κρύπτει τὸ θερμόν· ὡς τ’ ἐνυπνίων δόκαι,
 πάρεστι νουθετοῦντα μυστικῆς ἀπὸ
 φανέντα γαίας, οὗ πολὺς πλούτου λιμὴν
 ἄνθη τ’ ἐβλασθεν· ὧδ’ ἀκούομεν τάδε,
 “τέλος πάρεστι.” τοῦ θέρους πηγαὶ γλυκὺν
 ἵεσι δοῦπον, ἡλίου τε ποικίλαις
 δύνοντος αὐγαῖς σεμνὸς οὐρανὸς φλέγει.
 ὑγρόν τε φέγγος ἔσπερος πρόσω σκεδᾷ
 βουνῶν τ’ ἐκ’ ἄκροις καὶ παρακτίῳ σάλῳ,
 ἀκτίσιν ὥσπερ βληθὲν Ἰδαῖον λέπας.
 ἄλλ’ οὖν “τέλος πάρεστ’” ἐν ὧσί τις βοᾷ.
 “τέλος πάρεστι.” ταῦτα φεῦ τὰ λύγρ’ ἔπη
 ἐφενσμέναισιν ἔλπισιν ξυνφῶδ’ αἰὲ
 πάσης ἐπ’ αἴας εὐτυχοῦσιν ἐν δόμοις
 μνήμην ἐγείρει τοῦ παρελθόντος χρόνου.
 τίς γὰρ πότ’ οὐκ ἤκουσε λαμπάδων ὑπὸ
 δόμου γελῶντος, εὐλύρων θ’ ὕμνων ὅτε
 ἀρχαιοπλούτοις ἐν στέγαις ἤχεϊ μέλος,
 τοιαῦτα φωνεῖν δαιμόνων κακῶν τινα
 ἐπεγγελῶντα δαιτὸς εὐδείπνου χαρᾷ.

XI.

The same passage, continued.

The heart is but a wasting mine—
 An altar for some idol kept,
Till o'er the desecrated shrine
 The stormgust hath too rudely swept,
A pedestal too wildly placed,
 Flooded by every passing wave—
Recording vows so soon effaced—
 A temple reared upon the grave!
The pestworm feeds upon the rose—
 The violet bears no deathless bloom;
What tints our morning skies disclose!
 What darkness lingers round the tomb!
What memories of buried love—
 What earnest tones for ever fled—
What yearnings for the world above—
 What lonely vigils with the dead!
“Our dead!” Can such a voice arise
 In rebel-grief upon the air?
The hosts that fill th' eternal skies,
 What can they know of war or care?
“Our dead!” O! who shall say, “Our dead!”?
 Released from this dark charnel-shore,
Hath not th' immortal spirit fled,
 To live, where Time shall be no more?

XI.

Ὡς τις κατῶρυξ καρδία μαραίνεται
 βωμός τις ἢ δ' ἄγαλμα δαίμονος κενόν,
 ὃ δὴ θνέλλης λαβρὸν ἀρπάζει μένος
 δεινὸν βρεμούσης· στῦλος ὥς ἄλὸς μέσῳ
 κλύδωνι, πολλῶ δεινὰ χειμασθεὶς σάλῳ.
 φεῦ φεῦ· ἐκεῖ δὲ τίς ποτ' ἄξι' ἂν μνήμης γράφο
 τίς ναὸν ἂν στήσαιτο τῆς τάφης ὕπερ;
 σκωληκόβρωτον μὲν ῥόδον μαραίνεται,
 μαραίνεται δὲ λείρι'· εὐφεγγὲς σέλας
 ἕως δίδωσιν, καὶ δνόφος δύσονται ἔχει
 τὸν Φοῖβον. ἦ τις οὐκ ἔρωτ' ἐψευσμένον
 κλαίει, φίλους τε δυστυχῶς ὀλωλότας;
 ταῦτ' οὖν διδάσκει τῶν θεῶν ἔδρας ποθεῖν,
 καὶ τῶν θανόντων δῆτ' ἀγρυπνήσαι τάφῳ.
 ἡμῶν μὲν οἱ θανόντες. ἦ τις ᾧδ' ἐρεῖ
 γλώσση μάταιος; ὅστις ἐν χρυσαῖς Διὸς
 αὐλαῖσι ναίει, τῶνδε πῶς ἴδρις κακῶν;
 ἡμῶν μὲν οἱ θανόντες; ἦ τις οὐκ ἐρεῖ
 τῶνδ' ἐκ κνεφαίων δωμάτων ἐλευθέραν,
 βίον περῶσαν, οὐκέτι ψύχην μένειν.

XII.

From "Prometheus" in CICERO'S Disput. Tuscul.

B. II. Ch. 10.

Titanum suboles, socia nostri sanguinis,
Generata cœlo, aspiciite religatum asperis
Vinctumque saxis; navem ut horrisono freto
Noctem paventes timidi adnectunt navitæ,
Saturnius me sic infixit Juppiter;
Jovisque numen Mulcibri adscivit manus.—
Hos ille cuneos fabricâ crudeli inserens,
Perrupit artus; quâ miser sollertiâ
Transverberatus, castrum hoc furiarum incolo.
Jam tertio me quoque funesto die,
Tristi advolatu, aduncis lacerans unguibus
Jovis satelles pastu dilaniat fero.
Tum, jecore opimo farta et satiata affatim,
Clangorem fundit vastum, et, sublime avolans,
Pinnatâ caudâ nostrum adulat sanguinem.

XII.

ὦ τῷδ' ὅμαιμον αἶμα, Τιτάνων γένος,
 ἀθάνατον, οὐρανοῦχον, εἰσορᾷτέ με
 πέτραισι προσπορπατὸν ἐν πεδαρσίοις·
 θαλασσόπλαγκτον ὥς τις εἰς ὄρμον σκάφος
 ναύτης ἔδησε πείσμασιν, νυκτὸς φόβῳ,
 οὔτω μ' ἔδησε παῖς Κρόνου παλαιγενοῦς,
 θέλημα δ' ἐξέπραξεν Ἥφαίστου βία
 τὸ Δῖον· ἦτοι σφηνὸς ἀνθάδη γνάθον
 ὠμῷ θενὼν ῥαιστήρι, διατόρον δέμας
 ἠκίζετ' αὐτός· τοῦ δ' ἐγὼ τλήμων τέχναις
 φρουρὰν σπαραχθεὶς ὧδ' Ἑρινύων ἔχω.
 καὶ δὴ τριταῖος Ζηνὸς ὁ πτηνὸς κύων,
 πώτημ' ἀπευκτὸν, αἵματος βεβρωμένος,
 καμπτοῖς ὄνυξι τοῦμὸν αἰκίζει δέμας.
 κελαινόβρωτον θ' ἦπαρ ἐκθοινῶν, πρόσω
 πτεροῖς ἐρέσσει, κοῦκ ἀτὲρ ῥοιβδοῦ τινος
 σφαγῆς πτερωτὸς γεύεται νεορρύτου.

XIII.

"The Death-day of Körner," by MRS. HEMANS.

A song for the death-day of the brave,
A song of pride !
The youth went down to a hero's grave
With the sword his bride.
He went with his noble heart unworn
And pure and high—
An eagle stooping from clouds of Morn
Only to die !
He went with his lyre, whose lofty tone
Beneath his hand
Had thrilled to the name of his God alone
And his Fatherland.
And with all his glorious feelings yet
In their first glow,
Like a southern stream that no frost hath met
To chain its flow.
He hath left a voice in his trumpet-lays
To turn the flight,
And a guiding spirit for after-days
Like a watch-fire's light.
And a grief in his father's soul to rest
Midst all high thought,
And a memory unto his mother's breast
With healing fraught,
And a name and fame above the blight
Of earthly breath—
Beautiful—beautiful and bright
In Life and Death !

XIII.

Ὑμνεῖτε καλλίνικον ὕμνον ἐν χαρᾷ,
 ὕμνεϊτε· παῖς γὰρ οὐμὸς, εὐκλεῶς θανών,
 κατ' ἀξίαν, γενναῖον, εἴληχεν τάφον,
 καὶ τὸ ξίφος ξύνευνον ἐν τύμβῳ φέρει.
 θυμόν τ' ἀτειρῇ καὶ μάλ' εὐγενῇ τρέφων
 ἄγνόν θ', ὁμοῖος τῷ Διὸς πτηνῷ κυνὶ,
 ὃς δῆτ' ἀπειπὼν αἶθερος τέμνει πλάκας,
 θανὼν πέφανται· καὶ τάχ' ἂν τύχη τι
 τὰ σεμνὰ, τοὺς θεοὺς τε τὴν θ' αὐτοῦ πάτραν,
 ἧειδ' ἂν, ἀγνῇ τῆς λύρας θιγὼν χερί.
 κεῖται δὲ, θυμοῦ θούριον μένος πνέων·
 οὐ γὰρ κρύει πῶ καρδία ξυνίστατο,
 ὥς νᾶμα θερμὸν οὔ τι χείματος νίφει
 ὑπαιθρίον δεσμωθὲν, ἢ ξηρῷ πάγῳ.
 αὐτὸς δὲ, τῇ σάλπιγγι χρώμενος πότε,
 νίκης καλὸν παιᾶνα καταλιπὼν ἔχει,
 ὃς δῆτα, φρυκτὸς ὥς τις ὀρφναῖος φανείς,
 εἰ νοουθετήσῃ τοὺς μεθύστερον πότε.
 λιπὼν δ' ὀπισθεν ἔμπεδον πένθος πατρὶ
 ὑψηλὰ δὴ φρονοῦντι, φροῦδος οἴχεται,
 καὶ μητρὶ μνήμην τῶν καλῶν παιώνιον·
 καὶ ζῶνθ' ὁμοίως καὶ καλῶς θανόντα νιν
 τοῖς πᾶσ' ἄμεμπτον ἐν βροτοῖς μένει κλέος.

XIV.

"The Songs of our Fathers," by MRS. HEMANS.

Sing them upon the sunny hills,
When days are long and bright,
And the blue gleam of shining rills
Is loveliest to the sight!
Sing them along the misty moor,
Where ancient hunters roved,
And swell them through the torrent's roar,
The songs our Fathers loved!

The songs their souls rejoiced to hear,
When harps were in the hall,
And each proud note made lance and spear
Thrill on the bannered wall;
The songs that through our valleys green,
Sent on from age to age,
Like his own river's voice have been
The peasant's heritage.

The reaper sings them when the vale
Is filled with plummy sheaves;
The woodman, by the starlight pale,
Cheered homeward through the leaves;
And unto them the glancing oars
A joyous measure keep,
Where the dark rocks, that crest our shores,
Dash back the foaming deep.

XIV.

Ὑμνεῖτε βουνοῖς μοῦσαν ἐν προσηλίοις
 ἤδη μεσοῦντος ἡρος, εὖτ' ἡμαρ πάρα
 τὸ καλλίφεγγες, ῥευμάτων τε μυρίων
 φαιδρὰ βλέποντος ὄμματ' εὐφραίνει χάρις·
 ὑμνεῖτ' ὀμίχλαις ἐν μέσαις ὑπὲρ λόφων,
 ὅπου διώκειν θήρας ἦν νόμος πότε,
 καὶ νῦν βρέμουσι δεινὰ χεῖμαρροι ῥοαί,
 μοῦσαν πατρώοις ὥσιν εὐφιλῇ κλύειν.
 καὶ τῇσδε γὰρ χαίροντες ἤκουσαν πάλαι
 οἱ πρόσθ' ἐν αὐλαῖς πάτερες, εὐφώνων ὅτε
 ἤχησε δώμαθ' ὑπὸ μελῶν, τοῖχοι θ' ὅπλοις
 λόγχαις τε πολλαῖς σήμασιν τ' ἡσκημένοι.
 ἂν γὰρ δεχόμενος ἄλλος ἐξ ἄλλου κλύῃ
 χλωρῶν ἔνοικος τῶνδε τῶν βήσων, φιλεῖ
 πάτρια γενέσθαι, ῥευμάτων εἰωθότων
 οἷ' ἢ ξυνήθης γῆρυς ὥσιν ἐμπιτνεῖ.
 καὶ τήνδ' ἄγροικος οἶδε μοῦσαν εὐθερεῖ
 μέλλων θερίζειν ξανθὸν ἐν βήσση θέρος,
 ὅστις θ' ὑπ' ἄστρων οἴκαδ' ἐξ ἄγρων πόδα
 ξηροῖσιν ἐν φύλλοισιν ἄψορρον νέμῃ.
 καὶ ῥ' ἀντίμολπον τῇδε ναύτιλος πλάτῃ
 ἡχεῖ μέλος σύναυλον, εὐκρήμνων ὅπου
 σκοπελων ὑπερθεν ἄκρα τείνεται πρόσω,
 δυσχείμερον σχίζοντα κυμάτων ἀφρόν.

XV.

The same, continued.

So let it be!—A light they shed
O'er each old fount and grove;
A memory of the gentle dead,
A lingering spell of love.
Murmuring the names of mighty men,
They bid our streams roll on,
And link high thoughts to every glen,
Where valiant deeds were done.
Teach them your children round the hearth,
When evening-fires burn clear,
And in the fields of harvest-mirth,
And on the hills of deer:
So shall each unforgotten word,
When far those loved ones roam,
Call back the hearts which once it stirred,
To Childhood's holy home.
The greenwoods of their native land
Shall whisper in the strain,
The voices of their household band
Shall breathe their names again;
The heathery heights in vision rise,
Where, like the stag, they roved—
Sing to your sons those melodies,
The songs your fathers loved!

XV.

Οὕτω γένοιτο· ταῦτα γὰρ μέλη φάος
 κρουνοῖσιν ἄγνόν καὶ νάπει δυσηλίφ,
 μνήμην τ' ἐγείρει τῶν πάλαι τεθνηκότων
 ἔρωτα τ' ἐμμένοντα· τοιγαροῦν τάδε
 μέλη κελεύει ρεύμαθ' ὥς τὸ πρὶν ρεεῖν,
 ἔργων τε δόξαν εὐκλεῶν ἐκσώζεται
 ἢ ταῦτ' ἰδοῦσα καὶ τεθραμμένη πάτρις.
 τοὺς παῖδας οὖν ταῦτ', ἄνδρες, ἐκδιδάσκειτε
 ἐφεστίοισιν ἐν δόμοις καθήμενοι,
 ἐν τ' εὐθερεῖ λειμῶνι, καὶ βουνοῖς ἐπι
 θηρῶντες ἄγραν. ὧδε γὰρ μάται' ἔπη
 καὶ δὴ τύχη ριφθέντα, φιλτάτων τάχα
 μνήμην ἀπόντων ἐμποιοῦντ', ἄλωμένους,
 φθόγγος ξυνήθης, οἴκαδ' εἰσάξει πάλιν.
 καὶ δὴ πατρῶων ἐκ δρύων βραχεῖά τις
 φωνὴ ξυνωδὸς ἄσεται, κάφεστίων
 δόμων ἔνοικοι τοῦνομ' ἐνδατούμενοι
 ἔνδοξον ὑμνήσουσι· καὶ πάγους ἄκρους
 βλέψουσιν αὖθις, οὗ πότ' ἐμπλανώμενοι
 ἔπαιζον· ὑμνεῖτ' οὖν μέλη τὰ φίλτατα
 ἅ τὰς πατρῶας ἐξεκλήλησεν φρένας.

XVI.

"The American Forest Girl," by MRS. HEMANS.

Wildly and mournfully the Indian drum

On the deep hush of moonlight forests broke—

"Sing us a death-song, for thine hour is come!"

So the red warriors to their captive spoke.

Still, and amidst those dusky forms alone,

A youth, a fair-haired youth of England, stood

Like a king's son; though from his cheek had flown

The mantling crimson of the Island blood,

And his pressed lips looked marble. Fiercely bright,

And high around him, blazed the fires of night,

Rocking beneath the cedars to and fro,

As the wind passed, and with a fitful glow

Lighting the victim's face; but who could tell

Of what within his secret heart befell,

Known but to Heaven that hour? Perchance a thought

Of his far home, then so intensely wrought,

That its full image, pictured to his eye

On the dark ground of mortal agony,

Rose clear as day!

XVI.

Ἰνδῶν δὲ λυγρὰ τυμπάνων ἀράγματα
 κινεῖ βαρυβρόμῳ δὴ τότε ἑξαίφνης κτύπῳ
 μῆνης ὑπ' αὐγὰς σίγ' ἔχον φόβην νάπος.
 ἐρυθροὶ δ' ἀριστεῖς δεσμίῳ μέλψαι τάχα
 ὥρας παρούσης θανασίμους ἡὔδων γόους·
 οὗτος δὲ, προσιδεῖν Ἀγγλικὸς νεανίας,
 Ἰνδοῖς ἄτρεστος ἐν μέσοις μελαγχίμοις
 ἔστη μόνος, τύραννος ὥς, ἰδεῖν πρέπων,
 πυρσὴν δ' ὅμως λέλοιπε πατριον αἶμα δὴ
 παρηϊδ', ὠχρὸν δ' ἔθιγε χειλέων κρύος.
 καὶ πνευμάτων ἄνω τε καὶ κάτω βία
 σεισθὲν, φλογωπὸν ἐν μέσαις κέδροις σέλας
 ἀνῆψε λάβρου φῶς πυρὸς, τῷ τ' ἀθλίῳ
 πέριξ ἔχοντα χρῶμα προσετίθει πλάνον.
 τίς δ' ἄλλος, εἰ μὴ πάντ' ἐπιστήμων θεός,
 ὅσ' ἐν μυχοῖσι καρδίας κείνῳ τότε
 κέκευθεν, οἷος τ' ἐκφράσαι; φρεσὶν δ' ἴσως
 σαφῶς τι ταῖς ἔσωθεν ἐξηκασμένην,
 γραφῆς δίκην του, φροντίδ' οἰκείων πέρι
 ἐβόσκετ', ἐκκληθεῖσαν ὀξείαις δύαις.

XVII.

The same, continued.

And he might see the band
Of his young sisters, wandering hand in hand,
Where the laburnum drooped ; or haply binding
The jasmine up the door's low pillars winding ;
Or, as day closed upon their gentle mirth,
Gathering, with braided hair, around the hearth,
Where sat their mother ; and that mother's face,
Its grave, sweet smile yet wearing in the place
Where so it ever smiled ! Perchance the prayer
Learned at her knee came back on his despair ;
The blessings from her voice, the very tone
Of her " Goodnight," might breathe from boyhood gone !
He started, and looked up—thick cypress boughs,
Full of strange sound, waved o'er him, darkly red
In the broad, stormy firelight ; savage brows,
With tall plumes crested and wild hues o'erspread,
Girt him, like feverish phantoms ; and pale stars
Looked through the branches as through dungeon bars,
Shedding no hope. He knew, he felt his doom :
" O ! what a tale to shadow with its gloom,
That happy hall in England !

XVII.

Νέας δ' ἀδελφὰς χερὶ συναψάσας χέρα
 ἀλωμένας τάχ' ἀνθίνων θάμνων ὑπο,
 ἥ καὶ θύρας ἔλιξιν εὐφύλλοις τάχ' ἂν
 ἴδοι στεφούσας, ἥ ξὺν ἡλίου δύσει,
 ἥδη θυραίας παιδιᾶς ἅπ', ἔνδοθεν
 ἐφέστιον ξὺν μητρὶ θασσούσας ἔδραν.
 καὶ πρὸς γε μητρὸς ὥσπερ ἐν τῷ πρὶν χρόνῳ,
 σεμναῖς ἔλευσεν ὄμμα φαιδρωπὸν χαραῖς
 εἶτ' οὖν ἐπῆλθε μνηστis, ὧν εὐχῶν ἔτι
 βρεφὸς παρ' αὐτῆς ἔμαθε γονυπετῆς, νέα·
 εἶθ' ὥς φίλῳ τε στόματι λιπαρεῖ θ' ἅμα
 χαίρειν ἐκάστης ἔσθλ' ἐπηύχεθ' ἐσπέρας
 λέγουσ'·—ἄφνω δὲ καρδία πῆδημ' ἔχει·
 βλέπων ἄνωθεν εἰσορᾷ πυκνοὺς κλάδους
 κυπαρισσίνους ἡχαῖσιν ἐμπλέους ξέναις
 πυρσούς τε φλοξῖν, ἀγρίους δ' ἄνδρας, λόφους
 σειόντας ὑψοῦ, χρωτά τ' ἡλλοιωμένους
 γραφαῖσι δειναῖς, φάσμαθ' ὡς νόσων, κύκλῳ
 ἐστῶτας, εἶτα δ' οἱ κλάδοι κλείθροις κακοῖς
 ἄστρον τ' ἔδοξαν φέγγος ἐκκλῆσαι γλυκύ,
 τὴν τ' ἐλπιδ'· ὧδε τὴν πεπρωμένην τάλας
 κάτοιδεν αἶσαν· ὧδ' ἀκούσαντες φίλοι
 οἱ τῆλε νῦν χαίροντες ὀλβία τύχη,
 οἴαισι πημοναῖσιν οὐ καμφθεῖεν ἄν ;

XVIII.

The same, continued.

Idle fear !

Would the winds tell it ? Who might dream or hear
The secret of the forests ?" To the stake
They bound him ; and that proud young soldier strove
His father's spirit in his breast to wake,
Trusting to die in silence ! He, the love
Of many hearts ! the fondly reared, the fair,
Gladdening all eyes to see ! and fettered there
He stood beside his death-pyre, and the brand
Flamed up to light it in the chieftain's hand ;
He thought upon his God ;—Hush ! hark ! a cry
Breaks on the stern and dread solemnity ;—
A step hath pierced the ring ! Who dares intrude
On the dark hunters in their vengeful mood ?
A girl—a young, slight girl—a fawn-like child
Of green savannahs and the leafy wild,
Springing, unmarked till then, as some lone flower,
Happy because the sunshine is its dower ;
Yet one that knew how early tears are shed ;
For hers had mourned a playmate brother dead.

XVIII.

Ἄλλ' οὐχὶ ταῦτ' ἔστ' ἀργά ; τίς γὰρ ἄν ποτε
 μυχῶν τὰ κρυπτὰ τῶνδ' ἀπαγγείλαι πάθῃ ;
 ἄρ' ἄνεμος ; ἄρ' ὄνειρος ἢ τις ὄψις ἄν ;
 τόνδ' οὖν τὸν ὅσσοις πᾶσι προσφιλέστατον,
 τὸν εὐπρόσωπον, τὸν φιλοστόργοις πάλαι
 τεθραμμένον τρυφαῖσιν, ἀνδρείοις τότε
 πατρῶον ἐν στέρνοισι συλλέγοντ' Ἄρη,
 ὅπως ἄναυδος ἔσχατ' ἐσχάτων πάθοι,
 σταυροῖσι προσδήσαντες ἄνδρες ὀρθίοις
 ἔστησαν οὕτω θανασίμου πέλας πυρᾶς.
 τῷ μὲν τὰ τοῦ μέλλοντος αἰῶνος παρῆν
 τὰ δεῖν', ὃ δ' ἄρχων φανὸν ἐν χεροῖν ἔχων
 πυρσὸν παρῆλθεν, ἡνίκ' ἐξαίφνης βοή,
 ἶχνος θ' ὁμαρτῇ στέφανον εἰσπηδᾷ μέσον,
 τὰ σεμνὰ θρᾶσσον ἱερά· τίς δ' Ἰνδοῖς πόδα
 ὀργὰς πρὸς ὤμας τραπομένοις ἐπεμφέρει ;
 κόρη τις ἄβρα, προσφερῆς νεβρῷ δέμας,
 ἥτις νάπης θάλλουσα ποιηροῖς μυχοῖς,
 ἐρήμον ὥσπερ ἄνθος ἐν τόποις, μόνον
 πάντας λαθοῦσ' ἔβλασται. ἀλλ' ἤδη νέκρον
 ἀδελφὸν ἐστέναζεν οὐσά περ νέα,
 μοῖραν νέα μαθοῦσα δύστηνον βίου.

XIX.

The same, concluded.

She had sat gazing on the victim long,
Until the pity of her soul grew strong;
And, by its passion's deepening fervour swayed,
Even to the stake she rushed, and gently laid
His bright head on her bosom, and around
His form her slender arms to shield it, wound
Like close Liannes; then raised her glittering eye
And clear-toned voice, that said—"He shall not die!"
 "He shall not die!" The gloomy forest thrilled
 To that sweet sound.—A sudden wonder fell
 On the fierce throng; and heart and hand were stilled,
 Struck down as by the whisper of a spell.
They gazed; their dark souls bowed before the maid,
Her of the dancing-step in wood and glade!
And, as her cheek flushed through its olive hue,
As her black tresses to the night-wind flew,
Something o'ermastered them from that young mien—
Something of heaven, in silence felt and seen;
And seeming to their child-like faith a token
That the Great Spirit by her voice had spoken.
They loosed the bonds that held the captive's breath,
From his pale lips they took the cup of death;
They quenched the brand beneath the cypress tree—
"Away!" they cried, "young stranger, thou art free!"

XIX.

Κείνη γὰρ ὅσσε τῷ πίκρῳ θεάματι
 βόσκουσα δαρὸν, οἶκτον ὥστ' αὖξιν μέγαν,
 πρὸς κίον' ἄξασ' ἀγρίας ὀργῆς ὑπο
 ὄρμητο, κᾶτα τοῦ νεανίου κᾶρα
 κόλποισ κομίζουσ' ἔσχευ ὠλενῶν πλοκῇ·
 ἔπειτ' ἐπάρας ὄμμα καὶ φθόγγον λιγύν,
 “οὐ κατθανεῖται,” διατόρῳ νάπης βοῇ,
 ἐξείπε λαμπρῶς· τηνικαῦτα δ' εὐθέως,
 σφοδραῖς ἐπώδων ὡς βίαις νικωμένους,
 θαῦμ' εἶχε πάντας, ὥστε καὶ χέρ' ἥσυχον
 καὶ καρδίαν σχεῖν κατενεῖς πῆξαι κόρας.
 οὕτω δὲ παιδὸς τῆσδε μαλθακῆς λόγοις
 ἔδωκαν· ὡς γὰρ χρῶμα τὰς παρήϊδας
 ἔτεγξε πυρσὸν, καὶ πνοαῖς ἀνέπτατο
 χαίτη μέλαινα νυκτέραις, τότ' ἐμφανῶς
 αὐτοὺς θεήλατόν τι κάφθογγον κράτος
 ᾧδ' ἐξέπληξεν, ὥστε φερομένους ἀπλῇ
 πίστει τὸ θεῖον πάντας αὐδῆσαι σαφῶς
 ὡς χρῆσαν αὐτοῖς ἐντολὰς κόρης διά.
 οἱ δ' αἰχμαλώτῳ δεσμὰ λύσαντες χεροῖν,
 ὠχρῶν τε χειλῶν θανάσιμον ποτήριον
 ἀφαρπάσαντες, πυρσὸν ἔσβεσαν κλάδοις
 κυπαρισσίοις ὑπ'· “ὦ ξέν,” αὐδῶντες, “τανῦν
 ἔξεστ' ἀπελθεῖν, ἅπαγ', ἐλεύθερος γὰρ εἶ.”

XX.

Passage from "SARDANAPALUS," Act II. Sc. 1.

SARD. *loquitur.*

Please you to hear me, Satraps ;
And chiefly thou, my priest, because I doubt thee
More than the soldier ; and would doubt thee all,
Wert thou not half a warrior ; let us part
In peace—I'll not say pardon—which must be
Earned by the guilty ; this I'll not pronounce ye,
Although upon this breath of mine depends
Your own : and deadlier for ye, on my fears.
But fear not—for that I am soft, not fearful—
And so live on. Were I the thing some think me,
Your heads would now be dripping the last drops
Of their attained gore from the high gates
Of this our palace, into the dry dust,
Their only portion of the coveted kingdom
They would be crowned to reign o'er—let that pass.
As I have said, I will not deem ye guilty,
Nor doom ye guiltless. Albeit better men
Than ye or I stand ready to arraign you ;
And should I leave your fate to sterner judges,
And proofs of all kinds, I might sacrifice
Two men, who, whatsoe'er they now are, were
Once honest. Ye are free, Sirs !

XX.

ὦνδρες φέριστοι κλύετε νῦν ἅπερ λέγω,
 σύ τ' αὖ μάλιστ' ἄκουε, σοὶ γὰρ οὖν πλέον
 ἢ τοῖσδ' ἀπιστῶ, πρέσβυ, κάτι σοι μόνῳ
 μᾶλλον γ' ἂν ἠπίστησ' ἂν εἰ σὺ μὴ μάχης
 ἴδρις πέφυκας. νῦν δ' ἐν εἰρήνῃ πάρα
 οἶκονδ' ἀπελθεῖν· τὴν δὲ σύγγνοιαν κακῶν
 πολλῶ πόνῳ τοι τοῖς κακοῖς ζητητέα,
 σύγγνοια δ' οὔτις ἐκ γ' ἐμοῦ δοθήσεται,
 ἐκ τοῦδε τάνδρὸς καίπερ ἥρτηται βίος,
 καὶ κάρθ', ὃ πολλὴ ζημία, φόβου πλέω.
 καὶ μηδαμῶς δεῖσταιτ' ἄν· οὐ γὰρ ἔμφοβος
 πέφυκ' ἔγωγε, τοῖς κακοῖσι δ' ἥπιος·
 φθόνος δ' ἄρ' οὔτις ζῶσιν· εἰ δ' ἔφυν ἐγὼ
 οἶον νομίζετ', ἐκτὸς αὐλείων πυλῶν
 ὑμεῖς κára τμηθέντες ἀγρίῳ ξίφει
 ἐμίξατ' ἂν πόθ' αἶμα διψία κόνει,
 ὧδε χθονὸς λαχόντες ἄθλιον μέρος
 σμικρᾶς ἀνάσσειν· εἶεν· ἐννέπω δὲ νῦν,
 ὥς πρὶν πότ' εἶπον, οὐκ ἄρ' αἰτίους κακοῦ
 ὑμᾶς νομίζω τοῦδε γ', οὔτ' ἀναιτίους
 ἔγωγε δεινῇ ζημίᾳ προστρίψομαι.
 καίτοι δοκεῖτε τοῖς πόλεως πρόμοις κακῶν
 οὐ πάντ' ἄγευστοι, δυσμενὴς τέ τις κριτὴς
 καὶ κάρτ' ἀκριβεῖ χρώμενος τεκμηρίῳ
 οὐκ ἂν γ' ἀφῆκ' ἀθῶον ὥστε μὴ οὐ θανεῖν
 ὑμᾶς δ' ἀφίημ', ὦνδρες, ὧδ' ἐλευθέρους·
 ὑμᾶς γὰρ ὄντας οἶδα γενναίους ποτέ.

Lyra Hellenica.



PART IV.

LYRA HELLENICA.

EXERCISE I.

From "The Spanish Student," by LONGFELLOW.

VISIONS of Fame! that once did visit me,
Making night glorious with your smile, where are ye?
Oh, who shall give me, now that ye are gone,
Juices of those immortal plants that bloom
Upon Olympus, making us immortal?
Or teach me where that wondrous mandrake grows,
Whose magic root, torn from the earth with groans
At midnight hour, can scare the fiends away,
And make the mind prolific in its fancies?
I have the wish, but want the will, to act.
Souls of great men departed! Ye, whose words
Have come to Light from the swift river of Time,
Like Roman swords found in the Tagus' bed,
Where is the strength to wield the arms ye bore?
From the barred visor of Antiquity
Reflected shines the eternal light of Truth,
As from a mirror! All the means of action,
The shapeless masses, the materials,
Lie every where around us. What we need
Is the celestial fire to change the flint
Into transparent crystal, bright and clear.

EXERCISE I.

ὦ φίλτατ' ἤδη φάσματ' εὐκλείας ἐμοὶ
 τὰ πρόσθε νυκτίφοιτα, καὶ σαίνοντ' αἶε,
 φαιδρωπὸν ὥστε νύκθ' ὑφ' ἡδονῆς γελᾶν,
 ποῖ γῆς ἀπερρύητε ; καὶ τίς εὐθερῶν
 ἀνθῶν Ὀλύμπου χυμὸν ἄφθιτον θέλων
 δώσει, τιθέντων ἄμβροτον βροτοῖς φύσιν ;
 ὦρα διδάσκειν τοῦ χθονὸς θεῖον μένος
 ῥίξης τέθλη, θαῦμ' ἰδεῖν ἐπήρατον,
 ἥτις μεσούσῃ νυκτὶ σὺν πολλοῖς γόοις
 πρόρριζος ἐκσπασθεῖσα, δαίμονας κακοὺς
 σκεδᾷ, φρένας τε φασμάτων τιθεῖ πλέας.
 κᾶλῳ γ' ἔτοιμος εἰμὶ δρᾶν, τὸ δρᾶν δ' ὀκνῶ.
 ψυχαὶ θανόντων ἄγετε· καὶ γὰρ ἐν χρόνῳ
 τῷ πρόσθεν ὑμεῖς ῥήματ' ἐξεῤῥίψατε,
 ἂ νῦν, Τάγος τις ὥσπερ Ἰταλικά ξίφη,
 ὁ καιρὸς εἰς φῶς ἐξάγει κεκρυμμένα.
 ποῖ νῦν ἀπέρρει σωματῶν ἰσχὺς ὅπλοις
 ἢ πρόσθεν ὑμῶν χρωμένη ; δηλοῖ μὲν οὖν
 ὥστ' ἐν κατόπτρῳ τῆς ἀληθείας σέλας
 χρόνος παρελθὼν, εὐλόφου κράνους δίκην.
 πέλας μὲν ὕλη τοῦ βίον πρᾶξαι καλῶς
 παντῇ γ' ὑπάρχει, δυστέκμαρτος οὖσ' ὅμως,
 κᾶπειρος ἐς τὴν χρῆσιν· ἀλλὰ γ' ἀμβρότου
 πυρὸς δεόμεθα πάντες, ἄξεστος πέτρα
 ὅπως γένηται πᾶσα, κρυστάλλου δίκην,

That fire is Genius.—The rude peasant sits
At evening in his smoky cot, and draws
With charcoal uncouth figures on the wall:
The son of Genius comes, footsore with travel,
And begs a shelter from the inclement night:
He takes the charcoal from the peasant's hand,
And, by the magic of his touch at once
Transfigured, all its hidden virtues shine,
And, in the eyes of the astonished clown,
It gleams a diamond! Even thus transformed,
Rude popular traditions and old tales
Shine as immortal poems, at the touch
Of some poor houseless, homeless, wandering bard,
Who had but a night's lodging for his pains.
But there are brighter dreams than those of Fame,
Which are the dreams of Love! Out of the heart
Rises the bright ideal of these dreams,
As from some woodland fount a spirit rises,
And sinks again into its silent deeps,
Ere the enamoured knight can touch her robe!
'Tis this ideal that the soul of man,
Like the enamoured knight beside the fountain,
Waits for upon the margin of Life's stream;
Waits to behold her rise from the dark waters,
Clad in a mortal shape! Alas, how many
Must wait in vain! The stream flows evermore,
But from its silent deeps no spirit rises!

λαμπρὰ, διαυγής· καὶ τὸ πῦρ ὁ νοῦς διδοί.
 καὶ δυσκάπνοισιν ἐν στέγαις νύκτωρ πότε
 ἄγροικος ἦσται, χειρὶ τ' ἄνθρακας λαβὼν
 τοιχοῖσι μορφὰς ζῶγραφει δυσσευρετούς.
 ἦκει δ' ὁ ταύτης ζῶγραφος τέχνης ἴδρις
 πολλαῖς πονῶν ἄλαιοι, νυκτὸς ἀξένου
 ζητῶν φίλον πρόβλημα, κἄνθρακος θιγών,
 μάγος τις, ὥσπερ ἔργματ' οὐχὶ θνητὰ δρῶν
 γραφῶν ἀμείβει κάλλος, ἐμφανής τ' ἰδεῖν
 ἀδάμας πέφηνεν ὥστε θαυμάσαι πανὺ
 γεωργὸν εἰσορῶντα· καὶ μάλ' ὧδέ που
 μῦθοί τ' ἀγροίκων καὶ λόγοι παλαιφατοί,
 ἀοιδὸς ὧν τις ἦψατ' ὧδ' ἀλώμενος
 πένης, ἔρημος, ἄφιλος, ᾧ μισθὸς βραχὺς
 ξενῶνος ἦρκεσ', ἀμβρότων ὕμνων κλέος
 ἔχουσιν εἰπεῖν· ἀλλὰ γὰρ θείαν πολὺ
 φήμην ἔρωτος φάσματ' ἐκνικᾶν φιλεῖ.
 ἄλλ' οὐκ ἀπ' ἄκρας τῶνδ' ἐνυπνίων φρενὸς
 τὰ λάμπρ' ἀνῆλθε φάσματ', ἀλσώδους ὅπως
 κρήνης Δρυᾶς τις ἐκφανεῖσ' ἐγείρεται,
 μέση τ' ἀβύσσους ὑπὸ ροᾶς ἔδω πάλιν
 φθάνουσα φροῦδος, πρὶν τιν' εἰμάτων λαβεῖν.
 εἶδωλα δ' οὕτω φίλτατ' ἐλπίζει βλέπειν
 ψυχὴ βρότειος, χῶσπερ ἱππότης ἀνὴρ
 νύμφης ἐρασθεὶς προσμένει κρήνης πέλας,
 ἐς τ' ἂν βρότειον ἡμφιεσμένη δέμας
 ρεῖθρων ὑπερθεὶς ἐκφανῇ, μένων μάτην.
 καὶ μὴν αἰινῶν τὸ ρέος σπεύδει δρόμον,
 βύσσων τ' ἀναύδων οὔτις εἰς ὄψιν μολεῖ

Yet I, born under a propitious star,
Have found the bright ideal of my dreams.
Yes! she is ever with me. I can feel,
Here as I sit at midnight and alone,
Her gentle breathing! On my breast can feel
The pressure of her head! God's benison
Rest ever on it! Close those beauteous eyes,
Sweet Sleep, and all the flowers that bloom at night
With balmy lips breathe in her ears my name!

II.

Passage from "The Giaour." BYRON.

He who hath bent him o'er the dead
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress—
Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers—
And marked the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there,
The fixed yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek,
And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not, wins not, weeps not now,

δαίμων ὑπεκδύσ'. ἄλλ' ἐγὼ τρισόλβιος
 βιότου δὲ πότμον εὐποτμον λαχὼν, τύχῃ
 εἰδῶλον εὖρον τῶν ἐμῶν ἐνυπνίων.
 παροῦσα δ' αὐτὴ τὴν ἐμὴν σαίνει φρένα,
 καὶ δὴ παροῦσαν ἡρέμαις πλευρῶν πνοαῖς
 ἔγνωκα νυκτὸς, χυῖπτιον κλίνει κára
 φιλοῦσ' ἔπ' ὦμοις· ἴλεως ἔχοι θεούς.
 τῇδ' ὦ φίλ' Ὑπνου βλέφαρα σύγκλεισον θεός,
 ἄνθη τε πάνθ' ὅσ' ἐστι νυκτὸς, ἀμβρότω
 εἰς ὧτα φωνῇ τοῦνομ' ἐμβοᾷτέ μοι.

II.

Ὅστις νεὸν θανόντος εὖ κατασκοπεῖ
 νεκρὸν, πρὶν αὐτὸν νύκτ' ἰδεῖν πεπτωκότα,
 ὅτ' οὐδὲν οὐκέτ' οὔσα κήμανρωμένη
 ψυχὴ δυσοίστων δειμάτων ἀπηλλάγη,
 πρὶν εἶδος ὡμῇ θάνατον ἐκπέρσαι χερὶ
 τὸ καλλίμορφον, εἴ τι λοιπὸν ἔστ' ἔτι
 οὗτος γαλήνης πνεῦμ' ἀκασκαῖον βλέπει
 αὔρας τε σιγῆς νηνέμους, οἷω τρόπῳ
 μαλακῶν παρειῶν μαλθακαῖς ὥσεϊ βαφαῖς
 χροῖαν ἀμείβουσ' ὠχρότης παριζάνει,
 δεινὴ θ' ὑπερθε βλέφαρα συγκοιμᾷ σκιά,
 αὐγαί τε φροῦδοι, φροῦδα τ' ὀμμάτων βέλη

And but for that chill, changeless brow,
Where cold Obstruction's apathy
Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon ;—
Yes, but for these, and these alone,
Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's power ;
So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
The first, last look by death revealed !
Such is the aspect of this shore ;
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more !
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath ;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb,
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of feeling past away !
Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherished earth !

τὰ πρόσθε φαιδρὰ, χῶσπερ εἰ πάγων ὑπο
 λήθης πεπηγὸς ὅμμ' ἀναλγήτῳ μένει
 ὄρᾱ, κρυφαῖον ὥστε λείβεσθαι δάκρυ,
 μή πως πότε ἔλθῃ κεῖθεν ὃν δείσῃ μόρος.
 κεῖ μὴ τάδ' αὐτὸς ὅμμασιν σημεί' ἴδοι,
 τάχ' ἂν πότε ἦτοι δαρὸν ἢ βαιὸν χρόνον
 ἔστηκ' ἂν ἀπορῶν, μή τι δαίμονος κακοῦ
 τάδ' ἐστι τάργα· τοιάδ' οὖν εὐχρῶν ἰδεῖν
 πρέποντα θ', ὥσπερ ἐν γραφαῖσι, τὸν νεκρὸν
 πᾶς τις θανόντος ὕστατον προσδέρκεται.
 καὶ τῷδ' ὁμοίαν νῦν ἰδεῖν πάτραν πάρα,
 τήν τ' Ἑλλάδ', ὧ ξέν', οὐκετι ζῶσαν βλέπεις,
 ἐκεῖ τὸ μὲν σῶμ' ἐκταθέντος ὡς νεκροῦ
 ψυχρῶν τε φροῦδος οἴχεται ψυχὴ μελῶν
 ἢ ζῶσα πρόσθεν, ὥστ' ἰδόντα θαυμάσαι.
 ἐκεῖ γὰρ ἀνθεὶ κάλλος, οὔτ' αὐγαῖς βίου
 δυντὸς ξυνανύτει· τοῦτο δ' οὖν μαραίνεται,
 κᾶξωθεν ἀνθοῦν ἐνδόθεν ξυντήκεται,
 ὥσεὶ κόρη τις θάνατον ἐλπίζουσ' ἀεὶ.
 οὕτω τε τῆς πάλαι πόθ' Ἑλλάδος δύσιν
 φέγγος μάτησαν ἀμπέχει, σαίνει τ' ἔτι
 χρυσαυγές, ὅλεθρον τ' εἰσορᾷ μοίρας πέλας.
 τις οὐκ ἂν ᾔετ' ἄμβροτόν τιν' αἰθέρος
 σπινθῆρ' ἔτι ζῆν ἐνδόν, ἄλλ' εἰωθότι
 τὸ φίλτατον σῶμ' οὔτι θερμαίνειν πυρί;

III.

The same passage, continued.

Clime of the unforgotten brave !
Whose land from plain to mountain-cave
Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave !
Shrine of the mighty ! can it be
That this is all remains of thee ?
Approach, thou craven crouching slave :
Say, is not this Thermopylæ ?
These waters blue that round you lave,
O ! servile offspring of the free—
Pronounce what sea, what shore is this ?
The gulf, the rock of Salamis !
These scenes, their story not unknown,
Arise, and make again your own ;
Snatch from the ashes of your sires
The embers of their former fires ;
And he who in the strife expires
Will add to theirs a name of fear,
That tyranny shall quake to hear,
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
They too will rather die than shame :
For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.

III.

ὦ πάτρις ἀνδρῶν, ὧν ἀείμνηστον κλέος,
 τὰ γὰρ σὰ πέδια πάντα καὶ βουνῶν ἄκρα
 πετραῖα τ' ἄντρα τύμβος εὐκλείας ἔφνυ,
 ἐλευθέρου τε λήματος μέγας τάφος.
 ὦ τῶν ἀρίστων γαῖα, μή τι τηλική
 κοῦδὲν πέφυκας; δευρό μοι, δοῦλος φύσιν
 φρονῶν τε δοῦλ', ἄρ' οὐ τι τάσδ' ὁρῶ Πύλας;
 καὶ ταῦτα δὴ τὰ ρεύμαθ' οἷσι κλύζεται
 ἢ νῆσος ἀμφίκλυστος, εἰπέ μοι, τίνας
 πέτρας λέγοιμ' ἂν πλήν γε Σαλαμῖνος βλέπειν;
 ἄλλ' εἰα' νῦν τῶνδ' εὐκλεῶν τὰ πρόσθ' ἐδρῶν
 πάρεσθ' ὁ καιρὸς ἀντιλήψασθαι πάλιν·
 καὶ δὴ πατράων ἐκ σποδοῦ τυμβευμάτων
 πυρός τιν' αὐγὴν τοῦ πάλαι ἔξορύξατε.
 ἐλευθέρα γὰρ ὅστις ἐν ταύτῃ μάχῃ
 μόρου κυρήσει, τοῦνομ' οὗτος ἔμφοβον
 κλύειν τυράννοις πᾶσι καταλιπεῖ πεσόν,
 καὶ τοῖσι παισὶν ἔλπιδ' ἔνδοξον πότε,
 ἣν οὐποτ' ἔργοις οὔτις αἰσχυνεῖ θέλων.
 οὐλευθέρας γὰρ τῆς πάτρας ὑπερμαχῶν
 κλῆρον φιλεῖ τις τοῖς μεθύστερον λιπεῖν,
 ὅς, πολλάκις σφαλεῖσιν, ἐν μακρῷ χρόνῳ
 μήκει μέγιστον κέρδος ἐξευρήσεται.

Bear witness, Greece, thy living page,
Attest it, many a deathless age !
While Kings, in dusty darkness hid,
Have left a nameless pyramid,
Thy heroes, though the general doom
Hath swept the column from their tomb,
A mightier monument command,
The mountains of their native land !
There points thy Muse to stranger's eye
The graves of those that cannot die !
'Twere long to tell and sad to trace
Each step from splendour to disgrace ;
Enough—no foreign foe could quell
Thy soul, till from itself it fell :
Yes! Self-abasement paved the way
To villain-bonds and despot sway.

πρὸς ταῦτα λαμπρᾶς Ἑλλάδος μαρτύρομαι
δόξαν τ' ἀγήρων καὶ τὸ μὴ θανούμενον
κλεὸς θανόντων, ἥνικ' ἐν δυσηλίοις
σαθροῖς τ' ἄνακτες ἔρμασιν κτερίσματα
ἄνωνύμοις ἔχουσι· τῶν δὲ σῶν τέκνων
τὰ πάντ' ἀλείφει μνήμαθ' οὐκφυγὼν χρόνος
στηλῶν ἀφειδής· μνήμα δ' οὖν ὑπέρτερον
μένει θανόντας· οὐ τι γὰρ γηράσεται
ἡ γῆ πάλαι θρέψασα, καὶ Μούσης δίκην
ξένοις προφαίνει τᾶργα τῶν τεθνηκότων,
ἄνδρων τε κλεινὴν δόξαν οὐκ ὀλουμένων.
αἰσχροὺν δὲ πένθος οὐ τι μηκυνῶ λόγοις,
οἷῳ τρόπῳ τέθηλας εἶτα δ' ὕστερον
πέπτωκας αὖθις· οὐ γὰρ ἐχθίστων μένει
αὐτὴ δ' ὑφ' αὐτῆς ἀθλίως χειρουμένη
ὄλωλας· αἰσχύνῃ τε δουλιὸν ζύγον
ἔμαθες τ' ἀναγνον δεσποτῶν στέργειν βίαν.

IV.

Passage from "Samson Agonistes."

SAMSON.

Your coming, friends, revives me ; for I learn,
Now of my own experience, not by talk,
How counterfeit a coin they are, who friends
Bear in their superscription ; (of the most
I would be understood ;) in prosperous days
They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their head,
Not to be found, though sought. Ye see, O friends,
How many evils have enclosed me round ;
Yet that which was the worst now least afflicts me,
Blindness ; for had I sight, confused with shame,
How could I once look up, or heave the head,
Who, like a foolish pilot, have shipwrecked
My vessel, trusted to me from above,
Gloriously rigg'd ; and for a word, a tear,
Fool ! have divulged the secret gift of God
To a deceitful woman ? Tell me, friends,
Am I not sung and proverb'd for a fool
In every street ? do they not say, how well
Are come upon him his deserts ? Yet why ?
Immeasurable strength they might behold
In me, of wisdom nothing more than mean ;
This with the other should at least have paired :
These two, proportioned ill, drove me transverse.

IV.

Ἄλλ' εὖ παρέστε καὶ μάλ' ἀσμένῳ γέ μοι
 πείρα γὰρ αὐτὸς οἶδα, κοῦ λόγῳ κλύων,
 παράσημον ὡς νόμισμα κόμματος κακοῦ
 οἷ, φίλτατοι πρὸς ὄψιν, εὖεστοῖ φίλῃ
 ξύνεισιν ἡδεῖς, κὰν κακοῖσιν αὖ πάλιν
 ἀποστατοῦντας οὐκ ἂν ἐξεύροις ὅπου.
 καὶ μὴν ὀράτέ μ', ὦ φίλοι, ποίοις τανῦν
 κακοῖς ξυνοικῶ· καὶ γὰρ οὖν τὸ πρὶν βαρὺ,
 τὸ μὴ βλέπειν, ἤκιστα μ' ἀλγύνει ξυνόν·
 πῶς γὰρ πότ' αὖθις, τῶν πρὶν ὀμμάτων τυχόν,
 φίλον τιν' ἂν τλαίην ἂν αἰσχυνθεὶς ὀρᾶν,
 ἢ κρατ' ἐπαίρειν αὐτός; ὅστις ἔρματι
 ἔθραυσα, μῶρος ὡς κυβερνήτης νεώς,
 τὸ πλοῖον, εὖ οἶδ', ἐκ θεοῦ τάξιν φέρων;
 ὅστις λόγου μὲν ἦδ' ἔπους σμικροῦ χάριν,
 καμφθεὶς τε δάκρυσι τοῖς γυναικείοις, τάλας,
 ἐξημποληκῶς δῶρα θεοῦ τὰ κρύπτ' ἔχω;
 χῶδ' ἠπατήθην, ὥστε μ' ἐν παροιμίαις
 κακῶς τ' ἀκοῦσαι κακλεῶς ὑμνούμενον,
 τὸν μῶρον, ἄξι' ὡς ἐπαξίων κυρῶ;
 τί γὰρ παθὼν τάδ' εἶπον; ἐν γ' ἐμοὶ σθένης
 ῥώμη τε πολλὴ σώματος πάρεστ' ἰδεῖν,
 φρενῶν τ' ἀμαυρῶν εἴμ' ἐπήβολος τὸ πᾶν·
 ἴσας δ' ἀνάγκη σώματος σθένει φρένας,
 ὦν μὴ κυρήσας ἐξ ἴσης, πλάνας ἔχω.

V.

Passage from "Samson Agonistes."

MANOAH.

Be penitent, and for thy fault contrite ;
But act not in thy own affliction, son :
Repent the sin ; but, if the punishment
Thou canst avoid, self-preservation bids ;
Or the execution leave to high disposal,
And let another hand, not thine, exact
Thy penal forfeit than thyself ; perhaps
God will relent, and quit thee all his debt ;
Who ever more approves, and more accepts
(Best pleased with humble and filial submission)
Him who, imploring mercy, sues for life,
Than who, self-rigorous, chooses death as due ;
Which argues over just, and self-displeased
For self-offence, more than for God offended.
Reject not then what offered means, who knows
But God hath set before us, to return thee
Home to thy country and his sacred house,
Where thou may'st bring thy offerings, to avert
His further ire, with prayers and vows renewed ?

V.

ὦ παῖ, σὺ δ' ὦν ἡμαρτες ἐνδίκους κέαρ
 δήχθητι λύπαις, μήδ' ἔτ' αὐθάδης γενοῦ
 μὴ πῆμα σαυτῷ προστιθῆς. κακῶς ἔδρας·
 τοῦδ' οὖν μέλεσθαι· τὴν δὲ προστεθειμένην
 πάντως προσήκει ζημίαν ὑπεκδραμεῖν.
 ἦ γάρ τιν' ἄλλον, κοῦ σέ, τὴν δίκην σέθεν
 πάντως λαβεῖν δεῖ, χεῖρ' ὑπερτέραν σθένει
 νέμοντ'. ἴσως τοι μαλθακίζοιτ' ἂν θεός,
 ἐκὼν τ' ἀφήσει ζημίας σ' ἐλεύθερον.
 πρόφρων γὰρ εἴ τις, υἱὸς ὧς, στέργειν θέλει
 ἐκὼν θ' ὑπείξας ἔλεος ἐξαιτεῖ μόνον,
 τούτῳ πάρεσχεν αὐτὸν εὐμενῇ θεός·
 μισεῖ δ' ὃς αὐτῷ θάνατον ἀκριβεῖ λόγῳ
 χρήζων ἐς ὀργὴν αὐτόβουλος ἐμπίτνει,
 κοῦδὲν προτιμᾷ τοῦ θεοῦ μελουμένου.
 ἂ καὶρὸς οἶσει, μὴ σύ γ' οὖν ἀποστραφῆς·
 ἴσως γὰρ ἡμῖν τόδε γέρας δώσει θεός,
 οἴκους πατρώους κεῖς πάτραν σ' αὖθις πάλιν
 φυγάδα κατὰξαι· κἄνθαδ' εὐφιλῇ θεὸν
 κτήσῃ σύ γ' αὐτὸς ἐννόμοις δώροισι καὶ
 λιταῖσιν, εὐχὰς ἀνανεούμενος πάλιν.

VI.

"Inscription for the Entrance of a Wood," by BRYANT.

Stranger, if thou hast learned a truth which needs
No school of long experience, that the world
Is full of guilt and misery, and hast seen
Enough of all its sorrows, crimes, and cares,
To tire thee of it, enter this wild wood,
And view the haunts of Nature. The calm shade
Shall bring a kindred calm, and the sweet breeze,
That makes the green leaves dance, shall waft a balm
To thy sick heart. Thou wilt find nothing here
Of all that pained thee in the haunts of men,
And made thee loathe thy life. The primal curse
Fell, it is true, upon the unsinning earth,
But not in vengeance. God hath yoked to guilt,
Her pale tormentor, misery. Hence the shades
Are still the abodes of gladness; the thick roof
Of green and stirring branches is alive
And musical with birds, that sing and sport
In wantonness of spirit; while below
The squirrel, with raised paws and form erect
Chirps merrily. Throngs of insects in the shade
Try their thin wings, and dance in the warm beam
That waked them into life. Even the green trees

VI.

Ἄλλ', ὦ ξέν', εἴ τι τοῦτο συννοεῖς μαθών,
 (πέiras γὰρ οὐ δεῖ τῆς ἄγαν πολλῆς, δοκῶ,
 ὅσοις βρότων κακοῖσι πληθύνει βίος·)
 κούκ ὦν ἄπειρος τῶν κακῶν ἄδην ἔχεις,
 νοσεῖς τε μυρίοισι κεκμηκῶς πόνοις,
 σὺ δὲ νάπης τῇσδ' εἰς ἀνηλίους τάχος
 μυχοὺς ἐσελθὼν ἡσύχως ἔχειν μάθε.
 καὶ γὰρ τόδ' ἡρεμαῖον ἡσύχῳ μένει
 ξυνωδὸν, (εὖ τοδ' οἶδα,) κηλήσει φρένας
 τερφθέντος, εὐδιδά τε γηθήσει πνοή
 κλάδους δονοῦσα. καὶ γὰρ ὦν γέμει βίος,
 καὶνθ' ὦν τοσοῦτον, θνητὸς ὦν, τὸ ζῆν στυγεῖς,
 τί τῶν ἐν ἀνθρώποισιν ὧδ' ὀράς κακῶν ;
 καὶ μὴν δύσοιστα πῆματ' οὐδὲν αἰτίῳ
 τὰ πρῶτα δαίμων ἐγκατεσκήψεν χθονί,
 ἄλλ' οὐ πρὸς ὀργήν· οὐκδικος δίκην θεὸς
 ἔθηκεν ἀεὶ τοῖς κακῶς δεδρακόσι
 τιμωρὸν εἶναι· τοιγαροῦν ἀνήλιος
 νάπη κατ' ἄλσος ἦδε χαρμάτων γέμει,
 ἐν τ' εὐξένοισι, ἃ τείνεται στέγης δίκην
 ὑπερθε, πλεκτῶν φυλλάδων σκηνώμασι,
 τερπνῶν ἰέντες φθέγματ' ὄρνιθες νόμων
 ἥδιστα συμπαίξουσι περιχαρεῖ φρενί,
 σκιρτᾷ τ' ἔνερθεν ὁ σκιουρὸς ἄσμενος.
 νῦν μύριαι λεπτοῖσι χρώμεναι πτερῶν

Partake the deep contentment ; as they bend
To the soft winds, the sun from the blue sky
Looks in, and sheds a blessing on the scene.
Scarce less the cleft-born wild flower seems to enjoy
Existence, than the winged plunderer
That sucks its sweets. The massy rocks themselves,
And the old and ponderous trunks of prostrate trees,
That lead from knoll to knoll a causey rude,
Or bridge the sunken brook, and their dark roots,
With all their earth upon them, twisting high,
Breathe fixed tranquillity. The rivulet
Sends forth glad sounds, and tripping o'er its bed
Of pebbly sands, or leaping down the rocks,
Seems, with continuous laughter, to rejoice
In its own being. Softly tread the marge,
Lest from her midway perch thou scare the wren
That dips her bill in water. The cool wind,
That stirs the stream in play, shall come to thee,
Like one that loves thee, nor will let thee pass
Ungreeted, and shall give its light embrace.

κώνωπες ἔρετμοῖς εὐθερῇ κατ' αἰθέρα
 ψαίρουσι λευρὸν οἶμον, ἡλίου νέον
 φίλου φυτουργοῖς ἐκτεθραμμένοι βολαῖς.
 καὶ δὴ τὰ δένδρ' ἔρωτι σὺν πολλῷ πνοᾷς
 ἀνέμων κύσαντα φιλοφρόνως ἀσπάζεται·
 ἐκ νηνέμου τε φαιδρὸν αἰθέρος κάρα
 προὔφηνεν, εὖνους θ' ἥλιος προσδέσκεται.
 ἄνθος τ' ἕκαστον ἐξ ἴσου γ' ἐφίεται
 τοῦ ζῆν, μέλισσα θ' ἥτις εὐφαῆς μέλι
 εὐρούσ' ἐκλεψεν. αἱ τε δὴ στυφλοὶ πέτραι
 ὑψηλόκρημνοι, καὶ δρύες χαμαιπετεῖς
 πάσας κυκλοῦσαι τάσδ' ἀμαξιτοὺς ὁδοὺς,
 ἢ καὶ γέφυραν ἐκπορίζουσαι ῥοαῖς,
 κᾶνω φέρουσαι ῥίζαν ἡμανρωμένην,
 δοκοῦσι χαίρειν ἡσυχάζούσῃ φρενί.
 τερπνὸν λέλακε ῥεῖθρα, καὶ ψάμμων ὑπὲρ
 ὁδοιποροῦντα κακὰ πετρῶν καταβατῇ
 χαίροντα φωνεῖ, καὶ χλιδῇ πολλῇ γελᾷ.
 τοίγαρ παρ' ὄχθαις ἡσυχον νώμα πόδα,
 μή πως νεοσσῶν νηλεῶς ἀποσπάσῃς
 τροχίλον τιν', ἥτις ὕδατι πηγαῖον πτερὰ
 κρήνης νοτίζει. Πνευμάτων εὐάνεμος
 αὔρα πελασθεῖσ' ἄψεται παρηίδων,
 φιλοῦντος ὥς ἐρώσα, κοῦ φιλημάτων
 πέμψει σ' ἄμοιρον, μαλθακῶς τ' ἀνθέζεται
 χερσὶν περιπτύξασα φίλτατον δέμας.

VII.

Passage from "Samson Agonistes."

At length, for intermission-sake, they led him
Between the pillars; he his guide requested,
(For so from such as nearer stood we heard)
As over-tired, to let him lean awhile
With both his arms on those two massy pillars,
That to the archèd roof gave main support.
He, unsuspecting, led him: which when Samson
Felt in his arms, with head awhile inclined,
And eyes fast fixed, he stood, as one who prayed,
Or some great matter in his mind revolved;
At last, with head erect, thus cried aloud:
"Hitherto, Lords, what your commands imposed
I have performed, as reason was, obeying,
Not without wonder or delight beheld:
Now, of my own accord, such other trial
I mean to show you of my strength, yet greater,
As with amaze shall strike all who behold."
This uttered, straining all his nerves he bowed;—
As with the force of winds and waters pent,
When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars

VII.

Τέλος δὲ, παύλης ὥς δοκεῖ σμικρᾶς χάριν,
 στυλῶν μέσον νιν ἦγον, ὥς τ' ἠκούσαμεν
 τίνων παρόντων καὶ παρεστώτων πέλας,
 ἀνὴρ ὁδηγοῦ πομπίμου ἔξῃτει σφ' ἄγειν
 ἐκεῖσε γ', ἔνθα κίωνων μέσον λαβών,
 ἐξ ὧν κρεμασθεῖς ἡ στέγη βαστάζεται,
 κάμνων καθίζοιτ' ἄγκαθεν κοιμώμενος.
 ὁ δ' αὐτίκ' αὐτὸν ἦγεν, οὔτι φροντίσας·
 καὶ χερσὶν ἀνὴρ κίονος λαβών, κάρα
 χαμαὶ κάτηφες ἔσχεν, ὄμμα τ' ἥσυχον·
 ἐκλινεν, ὥς τις εὐγμάτων προσήγορος
 ἢ πρᾶγμα σεμνὸν καὶ μέγ' ἐν θυμῷ βαλὼν·
 τότ' ὄμμ' ἐπάρας ὑπτιον κράζει τάδε.
 ἐς τοῦτο γ' ἦλθον, ὦνδρες, ὥσθ' ἂν ἰκλήσῃ
 ἐκόντα δρᾶσαι καὶ θέλονθ' ὑπηρετεῖν,
 ὥς ἦν δίκαιον, καὶ μάλ' ἀσμένοις μέγα
 ἰδοῦσιν ὑμῖν θαυμ' ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖς προσῆν·
 νῦν δ' αὖτε πείραν τῆς ἐμῆς ρώμης λαβεῖν
 ἄλλην ἔδοξεν, ὥστε θαυμάσαι πλέον.
 τοιαῦτ' ἔλεξε, συντόνῳ τ' εὐθὺς βίᾳ,
 ὥσπερ σαλευθεὶς πνευμάτων δεινῶν ὑπο
 βουνὸς τρομεῖ, μένει τε χειμάρρου ῥοᾶς,
 δισσοὺς παλαίσας κίονας, δεινῷ τρόπῳ
 ἵκνησε κᾶξέθραυσεν, ὥσθ' ὁμοῦ πεσεῖν
 χαμαὶ χυθέντας ἀγρίῳ παλαίσματι.

With horrible convulsion to and fro
He tugged, he shook, till down they came, and drew
The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder,
Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,
Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests,
Their choice nobility and flower, not only
Of this, but each Philistian city round,
Met from all parts to solemnize this feast!
Samson, with these immixed, inevitably
Pulled down the same destruction on himself;
The vulgar only 'scaped, who stood without.

VIII.

"Summer Wind," by BRYANT.

It is a sultry day; the sun has drunk
The dew that lay upon the morning grass;
There is no rustling in the lofty elm
That canopies my dwelling, and its shade
Scarce cools me. All is silent, save the faint
And interrupted murmur of the bee,
Settling on the sick flowers, and then again
Instantly on the wing. The plants around
Feel the too potent fervours: the tall maize
Rolls up its long green leaves; the clover droops

χ' οὔτοι πεσόντες τὴν στέγην εἶλκον χύδην,
 βροντῇ κλύειν ὁμοῖα, καὶ πλήγῃ μιᾷ
 ὦλοντο πάντες ἔνδοθεν καθήμενοι,
 καλαὶ γυναῖκες, κοιράνων πλήθος μέγα,
 ἱερῆς τε γραῖοι, καὶ στρατῶν ἡγήτορες,
 νέων τ' ἄρειον ἄνθος, ἐκ τ' αὐτῆς πόλεως
 ἄλλων τε μικτὸς τῶν Φιλιστίων ὄχλος,
 σεμνῇ συναχθεὶς ἐν θεοῦ πανηγύρει.
 Σαμψὼν δὲ, τοῖς γὰρ ἐστιωμένοις μετῇν,
 αὐτὸς πρὸς αὐτοῦ τυγχάνει τοῦ κατθανεῖν·
 ὅσον δ' ἄρ' ἄλλο πλήθος ἐκτὸς ἦν πυλῶν
 τούτους σαφ' ἴσθι παντελῶς σεσωσμένους.

VIII.

Ἦδη μεσοῦντος ἥλιος φλέγει θέρους,
 δρόσους τε πίνει πρωῒνους ἐπ' ἄνθεσι
 χλωροῖς χυθέντας· ἐκ τε φυλλώδους δρυός,
 ἥτις δόμοισι τοῖσδ' ὑπερτείνει σκιάν,
 οὐκ ἦχος ἦλθε λεπτὸν οὔτ' ἀναψυχή.
 σιγῇ τ' ἔχει τὰ πάντα· πλήν γ' ὅπου βραχὺν
 μέλισσ' ἰεῖσα βόμβον, ἀνθέων ὑπὲρ
 λευκῶν ποτᾶται, κατ' ἐλαύνεται πάλιν
 πτερῶν ἐρετμοῖς χρωμένη· χαμαιπετὴ
 καυσῶνος ἄνθη τήκεται δεινῷ μένει,
 πυρός τε φύλλα χλωρὰ συγκλείσας ἔχει,

Its tender foliage, and declines its blooms.
But far in the fierce sunshine tower the hills,
With all their growth of woods, silent and stern,
As if the scorching heat and dazzling light
Were but an element they loved. Bright clouds,
Motionless pillars of the brazen heaven,—
Their bases on the mountains—their white tops
Shining in the far ether—fire the air
With a reflected radiance, and make turn
The gazer's eye away. For me, I lie
Languidly in the shade, where the thick turf,
Yet virgin from the kisses of the sun,
Retains some freshness, and I woo the wind
That still delays its coming. Why so slow,
Gentle and voluble spirit of the air?
Oh! come and breathe upon the fainting earth
Coolness and life. Is it that in his caves
He hears me? See? On yonder woody ridge;
The pine is bending his proud top, and now
Among the nearer groves, chestnut and oak
Are tossing their green boughs about. He comes!
Lo! where the grassy meadow runs in waves!
The deep distressful silence of the scene
Breaks up with mingling of unnumbered sounds
And universal motion. He is come,
Shaking a shower of blossoms from the shrubs,

καὶ δὴ τριφύλλου κάλλος ἐκμαραίνεται
 πέδοι τε κρᾶτ' ἔκλινεν· ἡλίου θ' ὑπὸ
 καίοντος ἄκρα τῶνδ' ὀρῶν ἐς οὐρανὸν
 ναπῶν τε πλήθος μυρίων ἐκτείνεται,
 χαίροντα σιγῇ καύματος τε θάλπεσι
 φλέγοντος, ὥσεί τῇ φύσει ξυνηθέσι·
 νέφη τε χαλκοῦν, κίωνων δίκην, πόλον
 ὑπερθεν ἐστήριξεν εὐλόφοις ἐπὶ
 βουνοῖσι κείμεν', αἰθέρος τ' ἄκρου πλάκες
 πρόσω φλέγονται, καὶ φαέσφορον φλόγα
 πάλιν διδοῦσιν, ὥστ' ἰδόντα θαυμάσαι·
 ἐγὼ δὲ κάμνων καὶ κλιθεὶς ὑπὸ σκιᾷς,
 ὅπου ἔμνηεν οὐ τις ἥλιος χθόνα
 χλωρὰν νέαν τ' ἀνθοῦσαν, ὥστε πάρθενον,
 μνῶμαι δυσόκνων πνευμάτων ἀήματα.
 τί δῆτα μέλλετ' ἥσυχοι μολεῖν πνοαί;
 δεῦτ' οὖν, τί μέλλετ' ἡπίοις φυσῆμασι
 θέρει καμοῦσαν τήνδ' ἀναψύξαι χθόνα;
 ἦ ῥ' οὐ κλύει τὸ Πνεῦμ' ὑπὸ σπέους; ἴδου·
 βουνοῖς ἔπ' ἄκροις κρᾶτ' ἐκίνησαν δρυὲς
 ὑψηλόκομποι, καὶ νάπαις ἀνηλίοις.
 πιτύς θ' ὑπέικει, φηγινοὶ τε φυλλάδες
 πρὸς οὐρανὸν σείουσι χαίρουσαι κόμας.
 ιδέσθε, καὶ γὰρ ἔρχεται σεμνὸν δέμας,
 λεπταῖς τ' ἔφριξε κῦμα χερσαῖον πνοαῖς·
 σιγῆς τε δεινῆς δυστόνους ἀμείβεται
 κλόνους, βοᾶν τε μυρίων μικτὸν γόων,
 καὶ πάντα φύρδην ἐξανέστραπται βάθρων.
 ἦκει δὲ καὐτὸς, ἐκ τε τῶν φυτῶν χαμαὶ

And bearing on their fragrance ; and he brings
Music of birds, and rustling of young boughs,
And sound of swaying branches, and the voice
Of distant waterfalls. All the green herbs
Are stirring in his breath ; a thousand flowers,
By the roadside, and the borders of the brook,
Nod gaily to each other ; glossy leaves
Are twinkling in the sun, as if the dew
Were on them yet, and silver waters break
Into small waves, and sparkle as he comes.

IX.

“The Burial-Place,” a fragment, by BRYANT.

Erewhile, on England's pleasant shores, our sires
Left not their churchyards unadorned with shades
Or blossoms ; and indulgent to the strong
And natural dread of man's last home, the grave,
Its frost and silence—they disposed around,
To soothe the melancholy spirit that dwelt
Too sadly on life's close, the forms and hues
Of vegetable beauty.—There the yew,
Green even amid the snows of winter, told
Of immortality, and gracefully
The willow, a perpetual mourner, drooped ;
And there the gadding woodbine crept about,

ἄνθη σκεδάζει πάντα, τήν τ' εὐοσμίαν
 φέρων ἅμ' αὐτῷ κοῦφον ἐξαίρει πόδα.
 ὄρνις κατ' ἄλσος εὐστομεῖ, κλάδος τέ τις
 ψοφεῖ πνοαῖσιν ἡπίοις κινούμενον
 φύλλων τρομούντων, ἡδύ τ' ἤχησεν πρόσω
 κρηναῖα πηγῶν ρεῖθρα· τέρπεται χλιδῇ
 βαίνοντος αὐτοῦ τῶν φυτῶν παντοῖ' ἔθνη,
 ἄνθη τε πάντα, ποταμίων ῥοῶν πέλας,
 ἥδ' ἔνθα συμβαίνουσιν ἐμπόρων ὁδοί,
 χαίρει συνωδᾶ, πρὸς τε φῶς μεσημβρινὸν
 τὰ φύλλ' ἀπαυγάζοντα τὴν δρόσον δοκεῖ
 ἐκόντ' ἀνίσχειν, ἀργύρῳ θ' ὁμοῖ' ἰδεῖν,
 κείνου μολόντος, ὕδατα μαρμαίρει πρόσω.

IX.

Τὰ πρόσθ' ἔπ' ἀκταῖς Ἀγγλίας ἐπηράτοις
 πλεκτῶν ἀμοίρους στεμμάτων τε κεῦφιλοῦς
 σκιᾶς ποτ' εἶων οὐδαμοῦ θήκας νεκρῶν
 καὶ δὴ φύσει τοσοῦτον ἀμπέχει δέος
 κρύος τε σιγῇ τ' ὕστατον θνητῶν δόμον,
 ὥστ' ἀμφιτεῖναι χάρμα παντοίων φυτῶν,
 μή πως βίου τὸ τέρμα τοὺς θανουμένους
 φόβῳ ταραῖται. σμίλακες τε γὰρ μέσου
 χειμῶνος ἔνθ' ἤνθησαν, ἐν θ' ἤβης ἀκμῇ
 πᾶσιν μένειν προὔφηναν ἄμβροτον βίον·
 ἱτέαι τ' ἔκρυσαν, ὥς δακρύνουσαι, κᾶρα,
 ἄνθη τ' ἔθαλλε μύρι', ἦν δ' ἐκεῖ πολὺς

And there the ancient ivy. From the spot,
Where the sweet maiden, in her blossoming years
Cut off, was laid with streaming eyes, and hands
That trembled as they placed her there, the rose
Sprung modest on bowed stalk, and better spoke
Her graces, than the proudest monument.
There children set about their playmate's grave
The pansy. On the infant's little bed,
Wet at its planting with maternal tears,
Emblem of early sweetness, early death,
Nestled the lowly primrose. Childless dames,
And maids that would not raise the reddened eye—
Orphans, from whose young lids the light of joy
Fled early,—silent lovers, who had given
All that they lived for to the arms of earth,
Came often, o'er the recent graves to strew
Their offerings,—rue, and rosemary, and flowers.

The pilgrim-bands, who passed the sea to keep
Their Sabbaths in the eye of God alone,
In his wide temple of the wilderness,
Brought not these simple customs of the heart
With them. It might be, while they laid their dead
By the vast solemn skirts of the old groves,

κισσὸς παλαιός. καὶ ῥ' ἴσως ἐκεῖ κόρα
 νεά τις ἐξηβῶσα, νηλεεὶ μόρφῳ
 πικροῖς ἔκειτο σὺν γόοις τεθαμμένη,
 χεῖρας τε θάμβος τοῖς κτερίξασιν τάφῳ
 κάτεσχε. καὶ ποικίλων ἄνθη ῥόδων
 ταπεῖν' ἂν ἦνθαι, μαρτύρες σαφέστατοι,
 πάντων θ' ὅσ' ἐστὶ μνημάτων ὑπέρτεροι.
 νέαι τε παῖδες φιλτάτης ὁμήλικος
 ἴοις ἐκόσμου σῆμα· νηπίου βρέφους
 θηκαῖσι, μητρὸς δακρύοις κεκλαυμένας,
 ἤκμαζεν ἄνθος ἡρινῆς ὥρας ὅπερ
 αἰεὶ νέον τέθηλε, κεῦφιλῶς μόρον
 παίδων ἄκαιρον ἐξεσήμηνεν βροτοῖς.
 χαί δ' ἡ τεκοῦσαι κεῖσε τῶν παίδων πόθῳ
 πολλὰι συνῆλθον, καὶ μετωποσώφρονες
 κόραι λαθραῖον ὄμμα κλινάσαι χαμαί·
 πολλοὶ τε παῖδες ὀρφανισθέντες πατρὸς
 χαρὰς τ' ἄμοιροι τῆς πρὶν, εἰ τέ τις φρένα
 δηχθεὶς ἔρωτι δύσμορον τρίβει βίον,
 ἐξ οὗ δάμαρτα θάνατος ἐν τάφοις ἔχει,
 πάντες συνῆλθον, κεῖς τάφον κτερίσματα
 ἔστησαν ἄνθη πλεκτὰ, τῶν νεκρῶν γέρας.
 ἀλλ' οἱ πάλαι ποτ' ὄντες, οἱ κεῖθεν βροτῶν
 τὰς ναῦς καθορμίσαντες ἐναλίῳ πλάτῃ,
 ἀγνάς θ' ἐορτὰς ἡμέρας τε βουθύτους
 θεῶ φέροντες ἄβροτον εἰς ἐρημίαν
 οὐ δὴ δίδαξαν τοὺς μεθύστερον τάδε.
 ἴσως γὰρ εὖρον, εὖτ' ἀνηλίων πέλας
 ναπῶν ἔκρυψαν τοὺς νεκροὺς νέῳ τάφῳ,

And the fresh virgin soil poured forth strange flowers
About their graves ; and the familiar shades
Of their own native isle, and wonted blooms,
And herbs were wanting, which the pious hand
Might plant or scatter there, these gentle rites
Passed out of use. Now they are scarcely known,
And rarely in our borders may you meet
The tall larch, sighing in the burial-place,
Or willow, trailing low its boughs to hide
The gleaming marble. Naked rows of graves
And melancholy ranks of monuments
Are seen instead, where the coarse grass, between,
Shoots up its dull green spikes, and in the wind
Hisses, and the neglected bramble nigh
Offers its berries to the schoolboy's hand,
In vain—they grow too near the dead. Yet here
Nature, rebuking the neglect of man,
Plants often, by the ancient mossy stone,
The brier-rose, and upon the broken turf
That clothes the fresher grave, the strawberry vine
Sprinkles its swell with blossoms, and lays forth
Her ruddy, pouting fruit.

ἐξ εὐμενοῦς τε, φιλτάτης τροφοῦ δίκην,
θαύμαστα κόλπου γαῖ' ἐπέσπειρεν τάφοις
ἄνθη· συνήθης δ', ὡς τὸ πρὶν, δένδρων σκιὰ
καὶ φύλλ' ἀπὴν οἰκεία, καὶ φυτῶν ὅσα
ἔθνη τεκοῦσ' ἔθρεψεν ἢ πάλοι πάτρα,
οἷς οἱ σύναιμοι κάρτ' ἂν ἔστειλαν τάφον,
μεθίετο κήδευμα τῆς θήκης τόδε.
ἄνθ' ὧν ὄλωλε ταῦτα· κὰν τῇδε χθονὶ
οὐ πόλλ' ἂν εὖροις δένδρα πανταχοῦ, νεκρῶν
θήκαις ἐπισκοποῦντα, καὶ λίθων ὑπὲρ
σκιὰν προτείνοντ' εὐφιλή· τοίγαρ πάρα
θήκας τ' ἀτερπεῖς καὶ ταφὰς παναθλίους,
ἔχθιστα πάντων, εἰσιδεῖν ἐν ὄμμασι.
μέση δὲ τῶνδ' ἄγροικον ἐκφέρει κάρα
φρίσσει τ' ἐς αὔρας δεινὸν ἀνθρώδης πόα.
στυγνὴ τ' ἄκανθα καρπὸν εἰς κομιστέον
ἔδωκε παισὶ, τῶν κεκευθότων πέλας.
θεός τε θνητῶν, ἴσθι, τὰ μελεῖν ψέγων
θέλει τις ἄγχι τοῦ λιθοστρώτου τάφου
ἀνθῶν νεάζειν κάλλος, ἐκ τ' αὐτῆς χθονός,
ἥ τις νεὸν θανόντος ἀμπέχει νεκύν,
ἡβῶντ' ἀνῆκεν ἄμπελος βλαστήματα,
οἰδοῦντα τ' ἔρνη μυρίοις καρποῖς χλιδᾶ.

X.

"The Birth of the Year," by F. TENNYSON.

Let us speak low, the Infant is asleep,
The frosty hills grow sharp, the day is near,
And Phosphor with his taper comes to peep
Into the cradle of the new-born year ;
Hush ! the Infant is asleep ;
Monarch of the Day and Night,
Whisper, yet it is not light,
The Infant is asleep !

Those arms shall crush great serpents ere to-morrow,
His closèd eyes shall wake to laugh and weep ;
His lips shall curl with mirth and writhe with sorrow,
And charm up Truth and Beauty from the deep :
Softly ! softly ! let us keep
Our vigils ; visions cross his rest,
Prophetic pulses stir his breast,
Although he be asleep.

Now Life and Death armed in his presence wait,
Genii with lamps are standing at the door ;
Oh ! he shall sing sweet songs, he shall relate
Wonder and glory, and hopes untold before.

X.

Σιγᾶτε πρὸς θεῶν· μητρὸς ὡς ἐν ἀγκάλαις
 ὁ παῖς καθεύδει· νῦν γὰρ ἐγγίξει φάος
 τὸ λευκόπωλον ἡμέρας, ῥίγος τ' ὄρη
 κάτεσχε. νῦν γὰρ λαμπάδες φαέσφοροι
 πάρεισιν ἤδη σπαργάνων ἐπίσκοποι
 ἐν οἷσι κείται θεῖον εὐνασθὲν βρέφος.
 σιγᾶτε· μή τις φθεγμάτων ἔστω κτύπος·
 εὔδει γὰρ, εὔδει, νυκτὸς ἡμέρας τ' ἄναξ,
 κοῦπω πέφην' ἐῶν ἡλίου φάος.
 καὶ πρὶν φανῆναι φέγγος, ἀγρίους ὄφεις
 οὗτος κρατήσῃ χερσὶ, δῆϊον τέρας·
 χῶ νῦν ὑπνωθεὶς ὄμμα, δακρύοις νέαν
 τέγξει παρείαν καὶ γέλωτ' ἐλεύθερον,
 χαρᾷ τ' ἀπλήστῳ καὶ πάλιν λύπη φρενῶν
 δοὺς αὐτὸν, ἥσει. τοίγαρ ἥσυχον πόδα
 κομίζετ' ἀγρυπνοῦντες ὄμμασιν φίλοις.
 ἦ γάρ τι θεῖον μένος ἐνυπνίων φρεσὶ
 πάρεστι, μάντις θ' ὥς τις εἰς ὕπνον πεσὼν
 ὀρᾷ τὸ μέλλον. ἐς θύρας παρίσταται
 θάνατος θ' ὁμοίως χῶ βίος, θεῖος τ' ὄχλος
 εὐναῖς ὁμιλεῖ, χερσὶ λαμπάδας φέρων.
 ἄσει τ' ἄρ' αὐτὸς ὕμνον, ἔλπιδας νέας
 θρέψοντα δόξης καὶ κλέους μεθύστερον.

Murmur memories, that may creep
Into his ears, of eld sublime ;
Let the youngest-born of Time
Hear music in his sleep !

Quickly he shall awake, the East is bright,
And the hot glow of the unrisen sun
Hath kissed his brow with promise of its light,
His cheek is red with victory to be won.
Quickly shall our King awake,
Strong as giants, and arise ;
Sager than the old and wise
The Infant shall awake !

His childhood shall be froward, wild, and thwart ;
His gladness fitful, and his anger blind :
But tender spirits shall o'ertake his heart—
Sweet tears and golden moments, bland and kind.
He shall give delight and take,
Charm, enchant, dismay, and soothe ;
Raise the dead and touch with youth ;
Oh ! sing, that he may wake !

Where is the sword to gird upon his thigh ?
Where is his armour, and his laurel-crown ?
For he shall be a conqueror ere he die,
And win him kingdoms wider than his own ;
Like the earthquake he shall shake
Cities down, and waste like fire ;

ἄγ' οὖν· ἐν ὥσιν τῶν πάλαι πεπραγμένων
 μνήμην ἐγείρειν· νῦν ὁ παῖς, νεὸς περ ὦν,
 καιρὸς γὰρ, ἱερὸν ἀσμάτων φθόγγον μάθη·
 καὶ δὴ τάχ' ὕπνου δῶρα λακτίσεις, τέκνον·
 τὴν σὴν γὰρ ὄψιν, ὥς ἑωθινῷ φάει
 μήπω φανέντος ἡλίου, λαμπρὸς πρέπεις.
 νίκης τε πιστὰ ταῦθ' ὁρῶ τεκμήρια.
 δεινῷ τε μητρὸς γηγενεῖς παῖδας χθονὸς
 ὕπνου ἔξεγερθεῖς πάντας ἐκνικῶν μένει
 ἥξεις, γερόντων τ' οὐδαμῶς εἴξεις φρεσί.
 καὶ παῖς ἔτ' ὦν, βίαιος, ἀνθάδης φανεῖ,
 ὀξύς τ' ἐς ὀργήν· στόμια τ' οὐ δέξῃ, τέκνον,
 δοκῶν τε χαίρειν, καῦθις εἰς ἄχθος πεσών·
 ὅμως δὲ μέντοι καρδίας τὸ μείλιχον
 στῆθός σ' ὑφέρψει, κάξελᾶ θυμοῦ βέλη,
 καὶ θερμ' ἀπ' ὅσων νάματ' ἐκρήξεις πάλιν.
 πολλήν τε δώσεις αὐτὸς εὐφρανθεῖς χαράν,
 φίλαις ἐπώδαις ὥσπερ εἰ κηλῶν φρένας·
 καῦθις φοβήσεις, αὐτὸς ἔμψυχον πάλιν
 τοῦ πρὶν θανόντος σῶμα φαρμάκοις τιθεῖς·
 ὕμνον δ' ἐγείρειν, ὅς νιν ἐξ ὕπνου βαλεῖ.
 ποῦ δὴ ξίφος, πρόβλημα δεξιάς χερὸς ;
 τὰ θ' ὅπλα παμφαίνοντα καὶ δάφνης στέφη ;
 καὶ δὴ κρατήσῃ, πρὶν θανεῖν, κείνος μάχῃ,
 μείζω τ' ἀνάξει τῶν ὑπαρχόντων θρόνων.
 καὶ σεισμός ὥς τις, πρέμνοθεν πανωλέθρους
 πόλεις καθαιρῶν αὐτὸς ἐμπρήσῃ πυρί·
 τότε ἔξεγερθεῖς μείζονας πυργώμασι
 φράξει νέοισιν ἀμφί· ἥδ' ἐν ὄμμασι

Then build them stronger, pile them higher,
When he shall awake.

In the dark spheres of his unclosèd eyes
The sheeted lightnings lie, and clouded stars,
That shall glance softly, as in summer skies,
Or stream o'er thirsty deserts, winged with wars :
For, in the pauses of dread hours,
He shall fling his armour off,
And like a reveller sing and laugh
And dance in ladies' bowers.

Ofttimes in his Midsummer he shall turn
To look on the dead blooms with weeping eyes ;
O'er ashes of frail Beauty stand and mourn,
And kiss the bier of stricken Hope with sighs :
Ofttimes, like light of onward seas,
He shall hail great days to come,
Or hear the first dread note of doom,
Like torrents on the breeze.

His manhood shall be blissful and sublime,
With stormy sorrows and severest pleasures ;
And his crowned age upon the top of Time
Shall throne him, great in glories, rich in treasures.
The sun is up, the day is breaking,
Sing ye sweetly, draw anear,
Immortal be the new-born Year,
And blessed be his waking !

τοῖς πάντ' αὔπνοις ἀστραπῆς φλέγει βέλη·
 ἄστρον τ' ἀφάντων κάλλος, οἷς μεθύστερον
 λάμψει μεσοῦντος ἥρος οὐράνου πόλος·
 δεινῷ τ' ἐρήμους διψίας ἐπόψεται
 μένει, πτερωτοῖς σὺν δρόμοις, Ἄρη πνέων.
 τότ' αὖθις ἄλλος, κούκ' ἐθ' αὐτὸς ὦν, ἐκὼν
 μάχης λεληθώς, κἀκβαλὼν ὅπλων βάρος,
 εἰς παρθενῶνας εὐίφ βακχεύματι
 παίζων χορεύσει. πολλάκις τ' αὐτὸς θέρους
 καίοντος ἤδη, δάκρυσιν ὄμματων ἄπο
 τέγξει παρείαν, ἄνθος ἔξηβον βλέπων,
 οἰκτράν τε κλαύσει τῶν πρὶν ὠραίων σποδὸν
 ἰδὼν, φθινούσας τ' ἔλπιδας θρηνήσεται.
 χῶπ' ὡς πρὸς αὐγὰς ἡλίου τὰ κύματα
 κλύζει πρόσωθεν, ἡμερῶν κλεινῶν φάος
 αὐτὸς προφωνῶν θεσπίσει, καὶ δειμάτων
 φήμην πανοίκτρων, μάντις ὦν, ἀκούσεται,
 ὥσπερ φέρει τις ῥευμάτων δοῦπον πνοή.
 καὶ μὴν μέγαν τιν' ὄλβον ἐξανδρούμενος
 ἔξει, διάξει τ' ἀσμένως ἐν ἡδοναῖς,
 ὅμως δ' ἄθικτον οὐδαμῶς λύπης, βίον.
 οὔδ' εὐδία ζῶντ', ἀλλὰ γ' εὐκλεία μέγαν
 θήσει νιν ὀλβίοισιν ἐν θρόνοις χρόνος
 πλούτῳ θ' ὑπερχλιδῶντα· φῶς δ' ἅπ' αἰθέρος
 εὐφεγγες ὅσσοις ἀσμένων πελάζεται.
 τοίγαρ πελάξεσθ', εὐλυρον θ' ὕμνον τάχος
 ἐγείρατ' ὑμεῖς· χαῖρε δ' ἄμβροτον βρέφος·
 ἥδ' εὐτυχοῖης, εὐμενῆς τ' ἔστω θεός.



APPENDIX I.

TRANSLATIONS INTO HEXAMETER

AND OTHER METRES,

BY

E. R. HUMPHREYS, LL.D.

APPENDIX I.

EXERCISE I.

Passage from the "Bride of Abydos."

Canto II. Stanza 27.

By Helle's stream there is a voice of wail !
And woman's eye is wet—man's cheek is pale ;
 Zuleika ! last of Giaffir's race,
 Thy destined lord is come too late—
He sees not—ne'er shall see thy face !
 Can he not hear
The loud Wul-wulleh warn his distant ear ?
 Thy handmaids weeping at the gate,
 The Koran-chanters of the hymn of fate,
 The silent slaves with folded arms that wait,
Sighs in the Hall and shrieks upon the gale,
 Tell him thy tale !
Thou didst not view thy Selim fall !
 That fearful moment when he left the cave
 Thy heart grew chill :
He was thy hope—thy joy—thy love—thine all !
 And that last thought on him thou could'st not save
 Suffic'd to kill !
 Burst forth in one wild cry, and all was still !
Peace to thy broken heart and virgin grave !
 O ! happy, but of life to lose the worst !
 That grief, though deep, though fatal, was thy first !

EXERCISE I.

Passage from the "Bride of Abydos."

Translated in imitation of the Chorus in the Agamemnon of Æschylus.
Line 960.

Ὀξέως περιστένει
 ζυμμιγῶν τορὸς γόος
 γηρύων ὑπὲρ θάλασσαν Ἑλλης·
 κλαῦμα κορῶν, χλοερὸν δέος ἄπτεται ἀνδρῶν.
 ἔρνος ὦ Γαφείριον
 Σουλίκη μόνον, σέ δ' οὖν
 οὔποθ' ὕστερος ἦκων
 σὸς ὄψεται γε νύμφιος· σαφῇ
 φαίνει τὰ τοῦ πότμου γόος
 σῶν κορῶν, ἱερὸν δ' ἔπος
 παγκρατῇ λέγον τύχην,
 δουλία δ' ἀφωνία.

Χθὼν βοᾷ στόνοισι στέγαι τ'·
 ἀλλὰ Σηλίμου σφαγὰς
 σοῦ λάθρα γ' ἐπ' ἐξόδοις ἀθύμου
 χεῖρ φονία τέλεσ'· οἰχομένης δὲ σὺν αὐτῷ
 προσκοποῦσ' ἄμ' ἐλπίδας
 καὶ τὰ πάντα γ', ἐκ μιᾶς
 καρδία σέθεν ἡχῆς
 διαρραγεῖσ' ἐπαύσατ' εἰς αἰεί.
 ὦ τρισμάκαιρα παρθένος
 κατθανοῦσα, βίου κακῶν
 αἰνὰ μὲν σὲ πρῶτα δ' ἐξ-
 εἰλ' ἄχῃ μόρῳ βραχεῖ.

Thrice happy ! ne'er to feel nor fear the force
Of absence, shame, pride, hate, revenge, remorse !
And oh ! that pang where more than madness lies,
The worm that will not sleep, and never dies !
Thought of the gloomy day and ghastly night,
That dreads the darkness, and yet loathes the light ;
That winds around and sears the quivering heart !
Oh ! wherefore not consume it, and depart ?

Woe to thee, rash and unrelenting chief !

Vainly thou heap'st the dust upon thy head,
Vainly the sackcloth o'er thy limbs doth spread ;
By that same hand Abdallah—Selim bled !

Now let it tear thy beard in idle grief :

Thy pride of heart, thy bride for Osman's bed,
She whom thy Sultan had but seen to wed,

Thy daughter's dead !

Hope of thine age, thy twilight's lonely beam,

The star hath set that shone on Helle's stream.

What quenched its ray ?—The blood that thou hast shed !—

Hark to the hurried question of Despair !

“ Where is my child ? ”—an echo answers—“ Where ? ”

Ὀδυνῶν δ' ἀγνώως κέαρ ὀξὺ δακνουσῶν
 ἀδεής τ' ὀλβίζει γ', ἅς κακία τ'
 αἰδώς τε βροτοῖσι φυτεύει·
 τοῦ δὲ πλέον μανίας
 δήγμασιν ἀκαμάτοις
 σκώληκος ἦσθ' ἀπαθὴς ἀνιῶντος,
 φῶς ὅθ' ἡμέρας φρένες
 νύκτα τ' ἐξ ἴσης κνεφαί-
 αν στυγοῦσ' ἀμήχανοι,
 κὰν κενοῖσιν ἐκ πόνων
 οὐ τελεσφόρων φυγὴν
 ἤλπισαν νέων δ' αἰεί.
 ὦ νὰξ, ἀλλὰ σοὶ οὐκ ὄφελος κόνις ἐστὶ σάκος θ',
 ὃς ἀπήνεσιν Ἀβδην

Σήλιμόν θ' ἔλες σφαγαῖς.

Σοὶ δ' οὐκ ἀμυχὴ πώγωνος ἀρήγει·
 θυγατὴρ γάρ σοι νύμφη βασιλείως
 ἀπόλωλ' Ὀσμῆνος ἀνυμφος·
 καὶ γὰρ ἂν αὐτίκ' ἰδὼν
 τοῖον ἔλοιτο γάμον,
 τῆς σῆς ἄγαλμα φρενὸς προτιμῶν γε.
 τίς δὲ σὴν παραψυχὴν
 γηρόβοσκον, ἄστρον ὥς
 φωτὶ χείματος κνέφας
 θάλπον ἐκπρεπεῖ, χθονὸς
 χάρμα τῆσδε, τίς ποτ' οὖν
 ἔσβες; οὐχὶ σὸς φόνος;
 ποῦ μοι, ποῦ τέκνον ἐστί; δύσελπις ἀτυζόμενός τε
 φρένας μάλα κράξεις,
 ποῦ δ'; ἀμείβεται νάπος.

II.

HORACE, *Epistles*, B. I. Ep. 14.

Villice silvarum et mihi me reddentis agelli,
Quem tu fastidis, habitatum quinque focis, et
Quinque bonos solitum Variam dimittere patres;
Certemus, spinas animone ego fortius, an tu
Evellas agro; et melior sit Horatius, an res.
Me quamvis Lamiæ pietas et cura moratur,
Fratrem mœrentis, rapto de fratre dolentis
Insolabiliter; tamen istuc mens animusque
Fert, et amat spatiis obstantia rumpere claustra.
Rure ego viventem, tu dicis in urbe beatum:
Cui placet alterius, sua nimirum est odio sors.
Stultus uterque locum immeritum causatur inique;
In culpa est animus, qui se non effugit unquam.
Tu mediastinus tacita præcè rura petebas;
Nunc urbem et ludos et balnea villicus optas;
Me constare mihi scis, et discedere tristem,
Quandocunque trahunt invisa negotia Romam.
Non eadem miramur; eo disconvenit inter
Meque et te: nam, quæ deserta et inhospita tesqua
Credis, amœna vocat, mecum qui sentit, et odit,
Quæ tu pulchra putas: fornix tibi et uncta popina
Incutiunt urbis desiderium, video; et quod

II.

HORACE, *Epistles*, B. I. Ep. 14.

Translated into Greek Hexameters.

Χωριδίου ἐπίουρ', ἐνθ' αἰεὶ γίγνομ' ἐμέϊο,
 ἀλλὰ σὺ θυμὸν ἀσᾶ, πένθ' ἰστίησιν ἐνοίκου,
 πέντε δὲ καὶ πατέρας Βαρίης ἀγορήνδε διδόντος—
 νῦν ἐριδαίνωμεν, πότερ' οὖν δὴ κρεῖσσον ἀκάνθας
 θυμοβόρους ἄρ' ἔγωγ' ἤπερ σύ γε τὰς ἀπὸ γαίης
 ἐκτίλλεις· πότερ' ἐστὶν Ὀράτιος ἢ καὶ ἄρουρα
 βέλτιον. ἀλλ' ἐμέ περ Λαμίου σὺν πένθεσι μικτόν,
 τεθνηῶτ' ὀδύνησι δυσιάτοισιν ἀδελφὸν
 κοπτομένου, καὶ νῦν μ' ἔλκει φρενὸς ἥμερος αἰπὺς
 πρὸς σ' ἀπὸ βαλβίδων μάλα δὴ μεμαῶτα φέρεσθαι.
 τὸν μὲν ἐγὼ ναίοντ' ἀγροῦς, σὺ δὲ καὶ τὸν ἐν ἄστει
 ὀλβίζεις· μοῖραν δ' ἐτέρου, ἴσθ', ἣν τις ἐπαινῇ,
 αὐτὸς ἐὼν στυγέει· ἀλλ' ὧδ' ἀδίκους ἐπέεσσι
 μωροὶ ἀμωμήτους χώρας ὀνοτάζομεν ἄμφω.
 αἰτιὸς ἐστὶ νῦ θυμὸς, ὃς οὐκ ἀλεείνει ἐ αὐτόν.
 εὐχόμενος δέ ποτ', ἄστν νέμων, χωρήσαι ἐπ' ἀγρούς,
 νῦν ἀγρῶν ἐπίουρος ἐέλδεαι αὐθις ἀγώνων
 δημοσίων, καὶ λούεσθαι ῥυποῶσι σὺν ὄχλοις.
 καίτοι ὅμοιος ἐγὼ αἰεὶ κακὰ δάκρυα λείβω
 αὐτὸς ὅπως εὖ οἶσθ', ὁπότε μ' ἀέκοντα πόλινδε
 ἔλκη τι στυγερὸν χρέος· ἢ οὐκ ἄρ' ἐμοὶ φίλα θυμῷ
 ἄλλα πέλει καὶ σοι, ὥστε φρονεῖν ἀνόμοια;
 τίς γάρ, ἐμοὶ ἴσα φρονέων, οὐχ ὅσσα γ' ἔρημα
 σοὶ δοκέει δὴ νῦν ἄξινα τ', ἔπηρατ' ἂν εἴποι,
 ὅσσα δὲ καλὰ καλεῖς, μυσάρ' αὐτίκα κάρτ' ὀνομήναι;
 ἥπου πορνείου κρειῶν τέ σε νῦν πόθος ὀπτῶν

Angulus iste feret piper et tus ocius uva :
Nec vicina subest, vinum præbere, taberna,
Quæ possit tibi : nec meretra tibicina, cujux
Ad strepitum salias terræ gravis : et tamen urges
Jampridem non tacta ligonibus arva, bovemque
Disjunctum curas, et strictis frondibus exples :
Addit opus pigro rivus, si decidit imber,
Multa mole docendus aprico parcere prata.
Nunc, age, quid nostrum concentum dividat, audi.
Quem tenues decuere togæ nitidique capilli,
Quem scis immunem Cinaræ placuisse rapaci,
Quem bibulum liquidi media de luce Falerni,
Cœna brevis juvat, et prope rivum somnus in herba ;
Nec lusisse pudet, sed non incidere ludum.
Non istic obliquo oculo mea commoda quisquam
Limat ; non odio obscuro morsuque venenat :
Rident vicini glebas et saxa moventem.
Cum servis urbana diaria rodere mavis ?
Horum tu in numerum voto ruis ? Invidet usum
Lignorum et pecoris tibi calo argutus et horti.
Optat ephippia bos piger ; optat arare caballus :
Quam scit uterque, libens (censebo) exerceat artem.

δαρδάπτων φρένας εἰλ' ἄρδην, θυέων τε παλαιῶν
 καρπῶν τ' ἀλλοδαπῶν· οὐδ' ἦκιστ' οἶνος, οἶω,
 τηλοῦ ἐὼν κνίξει σ'. οὐδ' ἔστ' αὐλητρὶς ἐταίρη,
 ἧς ὕπο δινήσεις κελαδεινῆς ποσσὶ βεβαίην
 οὐ κούφοις κροτέων χθόνα· καὶ ῥά τοι αἰὲν ἄρουραν
 τεύχεσιν ἀμφιέπεις ἀδμήτην, σχέτλιε, καὶ βούν
 κεκμηῶτα λύεις καινοῖς φύλλοισι κομίζων.
 καὶ μὴν οὐκ ὀλίγους, ὅτ' ἐπιβρίση Διὸς ὄμβρος,^a
 μόχθους πληρὲς ἰὼν σοὶ θήσει τοῦτο ῥέεθρον,
 δυσχερὲς ἰσχανάαν κρατεραῖς ἀπὸ λείμακος ὄχθαις.
 Ἄλλ' ἄγε νῦν ἐρέω, τίνος εἵνεκ' ἀπ' ἀλλήλοισιν
 νόσφι διέστημέν γ'· ᾧ θ' εἵματ' ἐήνδανε θυμῷ
 λεπτότατ' εὐκοσμοὶ τε κόμαι, ὃν καίπερ ἄδωρον
 οὐκ ἀπέωσ' ἄρπαξ Κινάρη, ᾧ τ' ἤματι μέσσω
 οἶνον καὶ πίνουντι κατηχέων ἄγχι ῥοάων,
 ἀσμένφ' ἦν ὕπνος ἐνὶ λείμακι ποιήεντι—
 τόνδ' ἔχει οὐ παίσαντά τις αἰδῶς, ἀλλ' ἔτι καὶ νῦν
 τοιούτων ἐροῶντ'· οὐδεὶς ὅσσοισιν ἐπ' ἀγρῶν
 οὐδ' ἐμὲ θηεῖται φθονεροῖς, οὐδ' ἔχθος ἄδηλον
 ἴσχει ἐνὶ κραδίῃ, μαλλὸν δ' ὁπότεν με μακέλλας
 γῆν τάμνονθ' ὀρώωσε, γελάσσουσι κατὰ θυμόν.
 ἡλίθι', ἡ μάλα δὴ, οἷον δούλοισιν ὀρίζει
 γλισχρὴ βρῶμα πόλις, μῶρ' εὐχόμενος ἐρατίζεις;
 ἀλλ' αὖ σοι μῆλων φθονέει πᾶς ἐνθάδε δούλος
 καὶ λαχάνων, λαμπρῶν τε πυρῶν νῦν οἰά σε θάλπει.
 ἵππος ἀροῦν ἔραται, βοῦς εἵκελος ἔμμεναι ἵππῳ,
 ἦν δέ τις εἰδείη τέχνην, τήνδ' ἔρδοι ἕκαστος.

^a Cf. Hom. II. v. 90.

III.

The Prairie Grave.

He will slumber as well and as soundly there,
As a prince in a bannered aisle ;
And his dust will as many true tear-drops share,
As the gorgeous marble pile.
No words to be read are over his head,
And no sculptured praise to save
The fame of the pilgrim, pale and dead,
In his lonely prairie grave.

But the whispering breezes wander there,
And they speak of the sky above him,
Of the stars that are there, all bright and fair,
Like spirits that watch and love him :
And a bright stream flows near his lone repose,
While each lowly murmuring wave
Seems to heave a sigh, as it hurries by
The grass-grown prairie grave !

O ! the one that sleeps in that lonely spot,
Left fondness and love behind him !
And there's one yet weeps, who has not forgot
In her heart of hearts to find him.
Ah ! that lonely mound in the prairie wild
Comes oft to a mother's musing,
When she bends and prays for the absent child
She has sighed for ever since losing.

III.

Greek Elegiacs.^b

Κεῖθι θανὼν ὁ τάλας ἡδὺν κοιμήσεται ὕπνον,
 Οἷον γ' οὐ κρατεροῖς ἱρὰ τρόπαια νέμει·
 Τῇδε κόνει θαλέρ' ἐνδώσει τόσα δάκρυα τιμῆν,
 Ὅσσα λίθου κοσμεῖ μαρμάρου εὐρὺ γέρας.
 Οὐ γλυπτῶν τύμβον δηλοῖ σημείον ἐπαίνων·
 Οὐ κόμπους δόξης ἐκπροχέουσι λόγοι.
 Κεῖθι μόνος, κρυφθεὶς ποία λειμῶνος ἐρήμου,
 Τῇλε φίλης πάτρας κεῖται ἐν ἡσυχίᾳ.

Ἐνθ' ἀνέμων αἰὲ ψιθύρισμα μελίζεται ἡδύ,
 Ἀγγέλλον φήμην αἰθέρος ἀθάνατον—
 Ἀστέρας ἀγγέλλον λαμπροὺς θεῖους τε δυναστὰς
 Ὅπως σῶν φυλακαῖς αὐτὸν ἔχουσι φίλαις.
 Ἐγγυθι καὶ πόταμος χωρεῖ λιγυροῖσι ῥέεθροις,
 Ἐν θρηγῶ μινυρῶ νεκρὸν ὀδυρόμενος,
 Αἰὲ δ' ὥς τύμβου ποιανθέος ἄγχι παραρρεῖ
 Δακρυτῶ στοναχὰς ἐξανήσιν πόθῳ.

Καὶ νῦν ἐν πεδίῳ κεύθει γ' ἀφίλητος ἐρήμῳ
 Αὐτὸς τηλόθ' ὅμως ἡδὺν ἔρωτα λιπών.
 Μνήμην γὰρ σώζουσ' ἱρὰν ἐν στήθεσιν αὐτοῦ
 Ἡ κούρη κοῦρον κλαίει ἀποιοχόμενον.
 Πολλάκις ἡ μητὴρ βόσκει γῆς φροντίδ' ἐρήμης,
 Καὶ μέλεος κραδίας οὔ ποτ' ἄπεστι τάφος.
 Χάποθ' ὑπὲρ παιδὸς λιτανὴ τὰς χεῖρας ἀνίσχει
 Ῥήγνυτ' ἀνίατον καὶ τὸ παλαιὸν ἄχος.

^b This and the two following pieces were turned by Dr. H.'s Pupils, but revised and altered by him.

'Twas a summer morn in the solitude,
E'er the sun on the prairie rose,
That we dressed the dead for his lonely bed,
And bore him to his repose.
O the silence then of the broad, broad sky,
And the wide-spread green below,
Seem'd to hush e'en the waters rolling by
Into strange and solemn woe!

Not a willow twig, not a stone was there,
To be left on the simple mound;
But the grass is green, and the flowers are fair,
That are sprinkled there around.
No words to be read are over his head,
And no sculptured praise to save
The fame of the pilgrim, pale and dead,
In his lonely prairie grave.

Ὠραῖς ἐν θεριναῖς, ὁπότ' ὄρθρος ἐφαίνετο πρῶτος,
 Κὰν θαλέρα ποία καινὴ ἔκειτο δρόσος,
 Στείλαντες νομίμοισι νέκυν πεπλώμασιν εὐθὺς
 Εἰρήνης εὐνὴν κάτθεμεν εἰς χθαμαλήν.
 Τοία δὴ σιγὴ κύκλον πάντ' αἰθέρος εἶχε,
 Τοία τ' εὐρεῖαν γῆν χλοερῶν πεδίων,
 Ὅστε βρόμου καὶ παύσασθαι τὰ ρέεθρα παλαιοῦ,
 Ἦσυχίου ὅπ' ἄχους ἀντιλαβόντα πικράν.

Οὐδ' ἐλίπη φιλίας ἐπὶ τύμβῳ μνῆμα ταπείνῳ,
 Οὐ κλάδος ἰτείας πένθιμον, οὐδὲ λίθος.
 Ἀλλ' ἀνάριθμα πέριξ σκέδασεν φύσις ἡρινὰ κάλλη,
 Χλωροτάτην ποίαν κᾶνθεμα λαμπρότατα.
 Οὐ γλυπτῶν τύμβον δηλοῖ σημεῖον ἐπαίνων,
 Οὐ κόμπους δόξης ἐκπροχέουσι λόγοι.
 Κεῖθι μόνος, κρυφθεὶς ποία λειμῶνος ἐρήμου,
 Τῇλε φίλης πάτρας κεῖται ἐν ἡσυχίᾳ.

IV.

Hymn of the Universe.

(From the "Britannia.")

Roll on, thou sun ! for ever roll,
Thou giant rushing through the heaven :
Creation's wonder, nature's soul !
Thy golden wheels by angels driven ;
The planets die without thy blaze ;
And cherubim with star-dropt wing,
Float in thy diamond-sparkling rays—
Thou brightest emblem of their king.

Roll, lovely earth ! and still roll on,
With ocean's azure beauty bound ;
While one sweet star, the pearly moon,
Pursues thee through the blue profound ;
And angels, with delighted eyes,
Behold thy tints of mount and stream,
From the high walls of paradise,
Swift whirling like a glorious dream.

Roll, planets ! on your dazzling road,
For ever sweeping round the sun ;
What eye beheld when first ye glow'd—
What eye shall see your courses done ?
Roll in your solemn majesty,
Ye deathless splendour of the skies !
High altars from which angels see
The incense of creation rise.

IV.

ὝΜΝΟΣ ΕΙΣ ΤΟΝ ΚΟΣΜΟΝ.

Ὡ φύσεως ψυχῇ, τῶν πάντων θαῦμα φαεινόν,
 Ἥλιε, κλεινὴ γίγαν, δίφροισι δι' οὐρανὸν εὐρὺν
 Ἀγγελοκινήτοις ὁρμῶν, ἀλίαςτος ἐλίσσου.
 Σῇ φλογὶ λαμπρὰ μόνη ἄστρον πυρὰ βόσκειτ' ἀλητῶν,
 Σῶν δὲ καὶ ἀκτίνων, ὅστ' εἰ κάλλιστον ἄνακτος
 Εἵκασμ' ὑψίστου, περιμαρμαίρουσιν ἐν αὐγαῖς
 Οὐρανίδαι, πτερὰ σείοντες φλογεῖρ' ἀστερόεντα.

Γαῖα, σὺ δ', ὦ ἐρατὴ, δεσμοῖς ἦν ὠκεάνιο
 Καλλίστοισι ῥοαὶ κυαναῖ κατέχουσιν, ἐλίσσου,
 Αἰθέρι' εἰσπηδῶσα βάθῃ σ' ἂν μέχρ' ἐπέιγῃ
 Ἄστρον ἥδιστον, μήνῃ, καὶ στάντες ἐπ' ἀλξέων
 Οὐρανίωνες ἐπ' αἰθερίων, ἴρισσιν ὅμοια,
 Αἰόλ' ὄρη θαυμάζοντες καὶ ῥεῖθρα θεῶνται
 Σεύομεν' ἀλλήκτως, ἐρατεινῶ ἐοικοτ' ὀνείρω.

Ὑμεῖς δ' ἐν κύκλοις περὶ κύριον ἥλιον αἰεῖ,
 Ἀστέρες, ἀκαμάτοις δι' ὁδοῦ σπέρχεσθε φαεινῆς.
 Τίς ποτ' ἀναπτομένας ὑμῶν τὰς λάμπαδας εἶδεν,
 Τίς δ' ἀποτηκομένας σκότου αἰναῖς ὄψεται ὄρφναις;
 Ἄλλ' ἄπτοντες ἐπ' οὐρανίοις πεδίοισιν ἀγέρων
 Ἐν τακτοῖς αἰγλήν σεμνῶς προφέρεσθε κελεύθοις,
 Κάφ' ὑμῶν πάσης κτίσεως δῶρ' ὥς ἀπὸ βωμῶν
 Ἡδέ' ἐν εὐκταίῳ Θεοῦ νῆες κάπνῳ ὀρώσιν.

Roll, comets! and ye million stars!

Ye that through boundless nature roll!

Ye monarchs, on your flame-wing'd cars!

Tell us in what more glorious dome,

What orb to which your pomps are dim,

What kingdom but by angels trod—

Tell us where swells the eternal hymn

Around his throne—where dwells your God!

Ἄστρον ἀνάριθμ', ἴεσθ' ὑψοῦ, φοβεροί τε κομήται,
Εἰς δ' ἀπέραντα βάθη φύσεως φλογοειδέα δειναῖς
Ἄρματ' ἐλαύνοντες ῥυμαῖς ἄπτεσθε κελεύθον,
Κῶλβι' ἐλισσόμενοι κηρύσσετε δώματα ταῦτα,
Οὐρανῖωνες ὅπου μελιηδῶν αἰὲν ὑφ' ὕμνων
Τρισμάκαρες θρόνον ὑψίστου, ὅστ' ἔκτισεν ὑμᾶς,
Κλεινοτάταισι Θεοῦ πομπαῖς τιμῶσι χάρα τε,
Ἄς πειρᾶσθε μάτην μιμείσθαι ἀγανότατοι περ.

V.

Passage from BYRON.

What boots the oft-repeated tale of strife,
The feast of vultures, and the waste of life ?
The varying fortune of each separate field,
The fierce that vanquish, and the faint that yield ?
The smoking ruin, and the crumbled wall ?—
In this the struggle was the same with all,
Save that distempered passions bent their force
In bitterness, that banished all remorse !
None sued, for mercy knew her cry was vain—
The captive died upon the battle-plain :—
In either cause, one rage alone possessed
The empire of the alternate victor's breast,
And they that smote for freedom, or for sway,
Deemed few were slain, while more remained to slay !
It was too late to check the wasting brand,
And desolation reaped the famished land—
The torch was lighted, and the flame was spread,
And carnage smiled upon her daily dead !

V.

Turned into Greek Hexameters.

Τίπτε δ' ἄρ' ὠμοφάγων περὶ γυπῶν μῦθον ὀφέλλειν
 Ἄνδανει, ἥ λυγρῇ ἐνὶ δηϊοτῆτι δαμέντων
 Ἡρώων θαμέων ; τί δὲ νίκην ἄλλυδιδι ἄλλῃ
 Κλινομένην εἰπεῖν, ὅπως ὁ μὲν ἄρνυται ἐσθλός,
 Ἀλλὰ κακὸς πίπτει ; τόσσον δέ τε τείχε' ἐνισπεῖν
 Δώματα τ' οὐκ ὄφελος κάπνῳ ψολοέντι καλυπτά.
 Ὡς γάρ τ' ἀμφοτέροι διὰ πάντος δηριόωντο·
 Ἀλλ' οὖν ἵκετο πάντας ἐπιζάφελος χόλος, αἰνὸς
 Σχέτλιος, οὐκ εἰδὼς ἐλεαίρειν, οὐδέ τις ἀνὴρ
 Ἀντίβιον γ' ἐλθόντα παρατρωπᾶν ἀγανοῖσι
 Λισσόμενος πειρᾶτ' ἐπέεσσ', ἥρουντο δ' ὀλέσθαι
 Ἀλλήλοισι δαμέντες ἐνὶ κρατερῇ ὑσμίνῃ.
 Κάρτος ἀμειβόμενοι νίκης ἔχον' ἴσα δὲ θυμὸν
 Χωομένοις, ἀρχῆς ἔνεκ' εἴθ' ἔν' ἐλεύθεροι εἶεν,
 Ὅφρα τιν' ἄβλητον ταμεσίχροϊ χαλκῷ ὀρῶεν,
 Τόφρ' ὀλίγοι δόκεον πεπτωκέναι· ἦπου ἀμῦναι
 Οὐκέτ' οὔζυρὸν τότ' ἔην χθόνος ἐλπὶς ὀλεθρον,
 Ἡ βροτολοιγοῦ ἐρητῦσαι ἄμητον Ἄρηος.
 Δὴ γὰρ ἀμαιμάκετον μάλα πῦρ κατέδηδεν ἄρουραν
 Κῆρ δὲ φόνον νεκύων πολλὸν καθορώσα γέγηθεν.

APPENDIX II.

TRANSLATIONS

OF THE

SIXTY INTRODUCTORY EXERCISES

IN THE

“EXERCITATIONES IAMBICÆ,”

BY

H. MARTYN JEFFERY, Esq. M.A.

OF ST. CATHARINE HALL, CAMBRIDGE; SECOND MASTER IN THE CHELTENHAM
GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

SUBJECTS FOR EXERCISES,

SELECTED BY

DR. HUMPHREYS.

Chiefly from Boyes' Illustrations of the Greek Tragedians.

I.

A race unconquered, by their clime made bold,
The Caledonians armed with want and cold.

WALLER.

II.

Time's hand will turn again, and what he ruins
Gently restore, and wipe off all your sorrows.

MASSINGER'S *Very Woman*.

III.

Revenge and wrong bring forth their kind,
The foul cubs like their parents are.

SHELLEY'S *Hellas*.

IV.

None can the turns of Providence foresee,
Or what their own catastrophe may be.

POMFRET.

TRANSLATIONS INTO GREEK IAMBICS,

BY

H. MARTYN JEFFERY, Esq. M.A.

I.

Ἀπρόσμαχον τὸ τῶν Καληδόνων γένος·
πατρὶς γὰρ αὐτῇ ξυμμαχεῖ δυσχείμερος.

II.

Χρόνος δὲ κράτα δεῦρ' ἐπιστρέψας, ἄχη
τὰ πάντα παύσει καὶ χαμαιπετῇ σ' ἄρει.

III.

Κότος κότον τοι καὶ φιλεῖ τίκτειν ὕβρις
ὕβριν, δυσειδῇ γένναν εἰκνύαν τρόπους.

IV.

Οὐδ' ἂν φράσειεν οἱ τὰ θεῶ' ἐκβήσεται,
οὐδ' ἂν τις αὐτῷ τῆς πεπρωμένης τέλος.

V.

And what art thou ? A shadow less than shade,
A nothing less than nothing.

YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts*.

VI.

Oh ! foolish eyes ! Why lose ye not your sight,
Since your delight is lost, your object gone ?

STIRLING.

VII.

Craft begins with shame, and ends with fear,
And in the whole design perplexed is.

DANIEL.

VIII.

Of all miseries I hold that chief
Wretched to be, when none coparts our grief.

WEBSTER.

IX.

When life with care is overcast,
That man's not said to live, but last.

HERRICK.

V.

Τί δὴ σ' ἂν εἴποιμ' ; οὐδὲν ἄλλο γ' ὄντα πλὴν
εἶδωλον ἄλλως ἢ σκιὰν κουφήν ὄραν.

VI.

ὦ φέγγος ὅσων ὦδ' ἄφρον ; τί γάρ μ' ὄραν
χρῆν, ᾧ γ' ὀρώντι μηδὲν ἦν ἰδεῖν γλυκύ.

VII.

Αἰδῶς μὲν ἀρχὴ τῶν δόλων, τέλος δ' ὄκνος·
χάπαν παλαιστῇ δυσχερὲς τῷ μὴ καλῷ.

VIII.

Ἄλγος γὰρ ἐν τοῖς πλείεστα λυπηρὸν νέμω,
κάμνειν μὲν αὐτὸς, ξυμπονεῖν δὲ μηδένα.

IX.

Ὅταν δυσαίων τις προδῷ τὰς ἡδονὰς
οὐ ζῆν νομίζω τοῦτον ἀλλ' ἔλκειν βίον.

X.

Where the word of a king is, there is power,
And who may say unto him, What doest thou?

ECCLESIASTES VIII. 4.

XI.

Life, without end considered, can
Afford but half the story of the man.

QUARLES' *Job Militant*.

XII.

Each man's sword now wears upon its point
Son, husband, father, every dearer name.

MALLET.

XIII.

The waves with wide unnumbered wrecks were strewed,
And planks and arms and men promiscuous flowed.

ADDISON.

XIV.

Go then with double courage and renown,
When God shall mix thy quarrels with his own.

QUARLES' *H. of Samson*.

X.

Τοῖς τοι τυράννοις πᾶν ἔπος μέγα σθένει,
 κοῦκ ἔστιν ὅστις νιν τὸ λῆμ' ἀνιστορεῖ.

XI.

Οὐκ ἂν βίον τοῦ, πρὶν τελευτήσαντ' ἴδης,
 ἅπαντ' ἂν ἄλλου προὔξεπίσταιο σκεθρῶς.

XII.

Ἦοικε παντὸς δὴ στόμ' ὀξῦναι ξίφους
 πατὴρ, γυνή, παῖς, χῶτι προσφιλέστατον.

XIII.

Γέμει θάλασσα πανταχῇ ναυαγίων,
 νεκροὶ δ' ὁμοῦ καὶ δόρατα χῶπλ' ἐνῆν ἰδεῖν.

XIV.

Ὅρμησον οὖν πάντολμος εὐψύχῳ θράσει,
 ἐφ' οὓς ξυνέχθεις καὶ σὺ χῶ θεός γ' ἄμα.

XV.

The all-beholding sun had ne'er beholden
In his wide voyage o'er continents and seas
So fair a creature.

SHELLEY.

XVI.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news.

Let ill tidings tell
Themselves when they be felt.

Antony and Cleopatra.

XVII.

The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
And fear doth teach it divination.

SHAKSPEARE.

XVIII.

Let not a mortal's vain command
Urge you to break the unalterable laws
Of heav'n-descended charity.

MASON.

XV.

Ὅ πάντα λεύσσων Ἥλιός γ' οὐκ εἶδέ πω,
οὔτ' ἐν θαλάσσαις, οὔτε τηλουρὸν περὶ
κυκλῶν πέδον γῆς, εἶδος ὧδ' εὐὼψ ὀράν.

XVI.

Κακὸν μὲν ἀγγέλλειν γε, κάξ' ὀρθῆς ὁμῶς
γλώσσης, ἀπευκτὸν πῆμα· πρὸς δὲ τῶν πικρῶν
μᾶλλον τελευτῶν αὐτόδηλ' ἔστω τινί.

XVII.

Ἡ κάρτα ταῦτά μοι φρενὸς δηκτήρια
ἔσωθ' ἀτόλμου, καὶ τερασκόπου κακῶν
θυμοῦ ποτᾶται δεῖμα προστατήριον.

XVIII.

Μηδὲν ματαίας ἐντολὰς στέρξης βροτοῦ,
ὥστ' ἀσφαλεῖς θνητόν σ' ὑπερδραμεῖν νόμους,
οὓς θεὸς προσῆψεν τῷ φιλανθρώπῳ τρόπῳ.

XIX.

Think not my virtue gone, though Time has shed
These reverend honours on my hoary head ;
Thus trees are crowned with blossoms white as snow.

POPE'S *January and May*.

XX.

Ourselves are our own good angels ; we implore not
Or supernatural or spiritual aid ;
We have our own good arms.

MILMAN'S *Fall of Jerusalem*.

XXI.

Long train of ills may pass unheeded, dumb,
But vengeance is behind, and justice is to come.

CAMPBELL.

XXII.

When God intends
To lay a curse upon men's wretched ends,
Of understanding he doth them deprive,
Which taken from them, up themselves they give.

DRAYTON.

XIX.

Ἐμ' ὄντ' ἀκμαῖον ἴσθι, κεῖ χρόνῳ μακρῷ
 κάρα τόδ' ἤδη λευκόθριξ ἀνθίζεται·
 τὰ δένδρ' ὁμοίως χιονοχρῶτά γ' ἤκμασεν.

XX.

Ἡμεῖς μὲν αὐτοῖς ἀντὶ προστατῶν θεῶν·
 οὐδ' εὐχόμεσθ' ἄρηξιν ἢ θέορτον ἢ
 τὴν μὴ βρότειον· πιστὰ τὰν χερσὶν βέλη.

XXI.

Κἂν πως ἄνανδον μηδ' ὁρώμενον συθῇ
 κακῶν τι πλῆθος, εὖ μὲν, ὁψέ δ' εἰσορᾷ
 Νέμεσις θέορτος, ἢ τ' ὀπισθόπους Δίκη.

XXII.

Ὅτῳ πρὸς ἄτην ἡγάγεν φρένας Θεός,
 γνώμης μὲν ἐξέστησεν οἰστροπλήγα πρίν,
 ὁ δ' εἴτ' ἄτολμος τὸν δρόμον κατασχεθεῖν.

XXIII.

Wherefore doe not despaire thou loving wight,
For seas do ebbe and flow by nature's might:
From worse to good our haps are changed oft.

TURBERVILLE.

XXIV.

And after these there came the day and night,
Riding together, both with equal pace,
The one on palfrey black, the other white.

SPENSER'S *Faery Queen*.

XXV.

In the day of prosperity there is a forgetfulness of
affliction;
And in the day of affliction there is no more remem-
brance of prosperity.

ECCLESIASTICUS XI. 25.

XXVI.

Oh! happy ghosts
Of those that fell in the last fatal fight,
And lived not to survive their country's loss!

DRYDEN'S *Cleomenes*.

XXIII.

ὦ φίλτατ' ἀνδρῶν, μηδ' ἄθυμος οὖν γενοῦ'
 κλύδων γὰρ ὥσπερ ῥεῖ παλὶρρόθος φύσει,
 οὕτω κυκλοῦσι πᾶσι πῆμα καὶ χαρά.

XXIV.

Ἐπειτα δ' ἱππεύουσιν εὐφρόνης φυῇ
 μελάνιππος ἥ τε λευκόπωλος ἡμέρα,
 φαιδρὰ ξυνωρὶς, ξύμμετρον τιθεῖσ' ἶχνος.

XXV.

Ὅταν γ' ὁ δαίμων εὐροῇ, πέποιθέ τις
 αἰεὶ τὸν αὐτὸν οὐριεῖν· ἦν δὲ σφαλῇ,
 ἄθυμος αὖ τῆς πρὶν τύχης ἀμνημονεῖ.

XXVI.

ὦ τῶν ἀγῶνι λαισθίῳ νεοσφαγῶν
 σκίαι μάκαιραι, καιρίως τεθνήκατε
 πρὶν τῆς πατρώας γῆς κατασκαφὰς ἰδεῖν.

XXVII.

One destined period men in common have,
All food alike for worms, companions in the grave,
The great, the base, the coward, and the brave.

GRANVILLE'S *Meditation on Death*.

XXVIII.

The ways of heaven are dark and intricate,
Puzzled in mazes and perplexed with errors,
Our understanding traces them in vain.

ADDISON'S *Cato*, Act I. Sc. 1.

XXIX.

God, of His endlesse goodnesse,
Walled a tongue with teeth and lippes eke,
For man shulde him advisen what he speke.

CHAUCER'S *Manciple's Tale*.

XXX.

Above the gloomy portal arch
The warden kept his guard,
Still humming, as he paced along,
Some ancient border-gathering song.

SCOTT'S *Marmion*, Canto I.

XXVII.

Κοινὸν πέλει τὸ μόρσιμον· κοινῇ βροτοὶ
 σκωληκόβρωτοι καὶ τάφων ξυνέστιοι,
 ὁμοῦ φυγαίχμης κευγένειαν ἐκπρεπής.

XXVIII.

Αἰνικτὰ λίαν ὥς τὰ θεῖα κάσαφῇ·
 σημεῖα δ' αὐτῶν δυσκρίτως πεφασμένα
 οὐκ ἂν τις ἐκμάθοι γε τοῦ θεοῦ δίχα.

XXIX.

Εὐεργετὶ τε τᾶλλα καὶ γλώσση Θεὸς
 ἔφραξ' ὀδόντων ἔρκος ἐσφραγισμένον
 τῶν χειλέων ὕψ', ὥς ἄβουλα μὴ λέγοι.

XXX.

Ὑπερθε μὲν θυρῶνος ὀρφναίου κύκλου
 φύλαξ ἄγρυπνος ἔνδροσον φρουρὰν ἄγει·
 βάδην δὲ χωρῶν, ἅσμι' αἰὲ μινύρεται
 θυμοῦ τι τῶν πρὶν κάρτα κινητήριον.

XXXI.

Mark how the fire in flints doth quiet lie,
 Content and warm t' itself alone;
 But when it would appear to other's eye,
 Without a knock it never shone.

HERBERT.

XXXII.

Oh! my beloved caves,
 How oft, when grief has made me fly,
 Have I
 In your recesses' friendly shade
 All my sorrows open laid!

COTTON.

XXXIII.

Right's not impaired with weakness, but prevails
 In spite of strength, when strength or power failes:
 Frail is the trust reposed on troops of horse,
 Truth in a handful findes a greater force.

QUARLES' *History of Queen Elizabeth.*

XXXIV.

The brute crowd, whose envious zeal,
 Huzzas each turn of Fortune's wheel,
 And loudest shouts, when lowest lie
 Exalted worth and station high.

SCOTT'S *Rokeby.*

XXXI.

Πηγὴν λαθραϊαν τοῦ πυρὸς λεύσσειν πάρα
ὥς ἡσύχαζον πετρίνοις στέργει μυχοῖς·
φάους δ' ἄφαντον ἦν δέη φαίνειν φλόγα,
ἄρασσε, παῖσον ἐς πέτρους πέτρον βία.

XXXII.

ὦ πλείστον ἄντρων φίλταται ξυνουσίαι,
πάλαι ποθ' ὑμῖν, ἡνίκ' ἐκφεύγων ἄχη
μυχῶν ἄφωνον τῶνδε θηρῶμην σκιάν,
ἔφαινον ἄχθη πάντα τοῖς εἰωθόσιν.

XXXIII.

Τοῖς τοι δίκαιοις χῶ βραχὺς νικᾷ μέγαν,
ἦσσων τε τὸν κρατοῦντα τοῦ κράτους βία·
ἱππεῦσι μὲν θαρσῶν τις ἡμαρτεν σκοποῦ,
τέλος δὲ, κεῖ μόν' ἐστὶ, τάληθῇ κρατεῖ.

XXXIV.

Ἐπιρρόθει τὸ πλῆθος ἄγνωμον φθόνῳ,
ὅταν γε μὴ τάλαντ' ἰσορρόπῳ τύχῃ
βρίθῃ γ' ὁ δαίμων, πλείστα δ' ἦν ρίπτῃ πέδῳ
τόν τ' ἐν τέλει βεβῶτα κεῦκλεέστατον.

XXXV.

Thoughts follow thoughts, and when the first is spent,
 A second rises, which doth oft prevent
 An inconvenient action ;
 The first being banished, reason thought it good
 To place a second, where the first thought good.

QUARLES.

XXXVI.

The grateful stork that gathereth meat,
 And brings it to her elders for to eat ;
 And on a firre-tree high, by Boreas blown,
 Gives life to those by whom she had her own.

T. HUDSON.

XXXVII.

He lives unhurt, avenged of all his foes,
 Returns triumphant through opposing crowds,
 Whose gathering numbers now obstruct his way.

WHINCOPP'S *Scanderbeg*.

XXXVIII.

Better I were distraught ;
 So should my thoughts be severed from my griefs :
 And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose
 The knowledge of themselves.

King Lear.

XXXV.

Ὡθεῖ δὲ φροντὶς φροντίδ' ἣν δ' ἡ πρόσθ' ἀνῆ,
 γνώμην ποθ' ἡ' πίνοια τὴν μὴ ξύμφορον
 ψεύσας', ἔπειτα δὴ πέφυκεν ἄξία
 φρενὸς νέμειν οὔακα τὴν λελειμμένην.

XXXVI.

Τὸν γοῦν πελαργὸν οὐ λέληθ' ἄγονθ' ἔλωρ
 πευκῆς ὑπὲρ θακοῦσα προσβόρρου τροφή
 ἡ τῶν τεκόντων οὐ νέα· χάριν δ' ἔχων
 ἄνθ' ὧν ἐθρέφθη προσφέρει θρεπτήρια.

XXXVII.

Καὶ ζῶντ' ἐπίστω κάβλαβῇ καὶ παντελῇ
 ἐχθρῶν δίκην λαβόντα, κακὴ μάχης σχολῇ
 καταστεφῇ νοστοῦντ' ὄχλου γ' ἐν κύματι
 ὅς νιν κυκληθεὶς οὐκ ἐᾷ βῆναι πρόσω.

XXXVIII.

Κέρδος δ' ἂν εἴη μοι φρενῶν ἀφεστάναι,
 εἴ γ' ὧδ' ὁ θυμὸς ξυννόμων ἀχθηδόνων
 ἀποζυγείη δῆτα καὶ μάτην νοσοῖ
 μηδὲν ξυνειδὼς οἷσπερ εἶχετ' ἐν κακοῖς.

XXXIX.

Our country challenges our utmost care,
And in our thoughts deserves the tenderest share :
Her to a thousand friends we should prefer.

Duke of Buckingham.

XL.

Nought but Ocean strives :
E'en he too loves at times the blue lagoon,
And smooths his ruffled mane beneath the moon.

BYRON'S Island.

XLI.

Gold, which is the very cause of warres,
The neast of strife and nourice (nurse) of debate,
The barre of Heaven, and open way to Hel.

GASCOIGNE.

XLII.

Ah! happy hills, ah! pleasing shade,
Ah! fields beloved in vain,
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain.

GRAY'S Ode to Eton.

XXXIX.

Ἡ μὲν πόλις μέλημα πᾶσιν εὖ μέλειν
 ὀφείλεται· μάλιστα δ' οἰκουρήματος
 κεδνοῦ δικαιοῖ προστυχεῖν· φίλον δέ τοι
 οὐ χρὴ νομίζειν μείζον' ἀντὶ τῆς πάτρας.

XL.

Μόνος δ' ὁ πόντος ὄρνυται· καὐτὸς φιλεῖ
 λίμνης ἀκύμων νηνέμοις, ἵππου δίκην,
 εὔδειν ἐν ἀγκάλαις ποτ', ἐνθ' ἀπ' αὐχένος
 μήνης ὑπ' αὐγὰς οὐκέτ' ἄσσεται φόβη.

XLI.

Οὐδὲν γὰρ οἶον χρυσὸς αἴτιον μαχῶν·
 νείκους τόδ' ἀρχὴ καὶ στάσεως τέκτων πόλει·
 ἀγῆλατεῖ δ' ἐκ τῶν μακραιώνων βροτοὺς
 μελαμβαθῇ κευθμῶνα Ταρτάρου πάρα.

XLII.

ᾠ γῆς μάτην ποθεινὸν ὄμμ', ὦ δάσκια
 θακήματ' ἄντρων, προσφιλεῖς τε λείμακες,
 ἐν οἷς ἐφοίτων παῖς κακῶν ἄπειρος ὢν,
 ταῖς δ' ἡδοναῖς ἄμοχθον ἐξαίρων βίον.

XLIII.

Many a fire
Up-flaming, streamed upon the level sea
Red lines of lengthening light, which far away
Rising and falling flashed across the waves.
SOUTHEY'S *Madoc*.

XLIV.

Where are the men that bragged that God did bless,
And with the marks of good success
Sign His allowance of their wickedness?
Vain men!
COWLEY, *On the Restoration*, st. 7.

XLV.

Hatred accompanies prosperity,
For one man grieveth at another's good;
And so much more we think our misery,
The more that Fortune has with others stood.
KYD'S *Cornelia*, Act I.

XLVI.

He who with industrious zeal
Contributes to the common weal,
By adding to the public good,
His own hath rightly understood.
GAY'S *Fables*.

XLIII.

Ἵπερτελές δὲ λαμπάδων σέλας πυκνῶν
 σκήπτει θαλάσσης πεδί' ὑπὲρ περίρρυτα,
 φοινικόβαπτον ὥστε νωτίζειν ἄλα
 φλογῶν πορευτῶν αἰόλην ἀνγὴν πρόσω.

XLIV.

Ποί φρουῶδος, ὅστις τὸν Θεόν γ' ἠύχης' ἔχειν
 πανουργίας πρόνοϊαν, ὡς τοῖς δρωμένοις
 λαμπρὸς χαρακτήρ ἐμπέφυκ' εὐπραξίας ;
 φεῦ. Θεὸν προτείνων ἂν Θεὸν ψευδῇ γ' ἔθῃ.

XLV.

Ἄλλ' εἰσορῶν γὰρ πᾶς τις ὄλβον ἄχθεται
 θυραῖον, εὐτυχοῦντας ἰχνεύει φθόνος,
 ἄλλοις δ' ὅσῳ περ ἡ τύχη παραστατεῖ,
 τόσῳ τις αὐτοῦ πῆμασιν βαρύνεται.

XLVI.

Ὅς ἂν δὲ μηδὲν ἐνδεὲς προθυμίας
 πόλει ξυνοίση πᾶν ὅσον περ ἂν σθένῃ,
 κοινὸν μὲν ὠφέλημα τοῖς ἀστοῖς φέρει,
 ἀλλ' αὐτὸς αὐτῷ γ' οἶδε πλεῖσθ' ὑπηρετῶν.

XLVII.

I sadly closed within an earthen urne
 The ashie reliques of his hapless bones,
 Which having 'scaped the rage of wind and sea,
 I bring to fair Cornelia to inter.

KYD's *Cornelia*.

XLVIII.

For treason is but trusted like the fox,
 Who ne'er so tame, so cherished and locked up,
 Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.

Henry IV.

XLIX.

A nation is come up upon my land, strong, and without
 number, whose teeth are the teeth of a lion, and he hath
 the cheek-teeth of a great lion.

JOEL I. 6.

L.

Kings are justice in the last appeal,
 And forced by strong necessity may strike,
 In which indeed they assert the public good;
 And, like sworn surgeons, lop the gangrened limb.

DRYDEN.

XLVII.

Τὰ λείψαν' αὐτοῦ καὶ σποδὸν δυσδαίμονος
 ἃ σοι κέκευθα πηλόπλαστον εἰς κύτος,
 ἦκω τὰδ' ἐκτὸς λαιλάπων πόντου τ' ἄγων,
 Κορηγίας εἰς ὄμμα τυμβεύειν τάφῳ.

XLVIII.

Ὅταν δὲ πιστὸς οὐπιβουλεύων δοκῇ,
 εἰ καὶ τέθραπταί γ' ἔνδον ἡμερόσ τε καὶ
 φαιδρωπὸς εἰς τὴν χεῖρ' ἀλώπεκος δίκην,
 χρόνῳ γε μὴν ἔδειξε τοῦκ τοκέων ἔθος.

XLIX.

Ὑπερθορὼν μοι τὴν χθὸν' ἀσπιδήστροφος
 λεῶς, ἄπληστος ὦδε, μύριον δάκος,
 θήξας δ' ὀδόντας, ὥσπερ ὠμηστῆς λέων,
 αἶδην φόνου νῦν ἀγρίαις λείχει γνάθοις.

L.

Ὅ τοι τύραννος ὑστάτας κρίνει δίκας·
 κὰν τῷ δέοντί νιν θέμις φέροντ' ἄκος,
 ἱατρόμαντιν ὥς ὑπεύθυνον πόλει,
 τᾶμπυα καίειν ἢ σφαγεῖ τέμνειν μέλη.

LI.

Train up thy children, England :

* * * Where hast thou mines

But in their industry ?

Thy bulwarks, where but in their breasts ?

Thy might, but in their arms ?

SOUTHEY'S *Ode, During the American War.*

LII.

Why, headstrong liberty is lashed with woe ;

There's nothing situate under Heaven's eye,

But hath its bound, in earth, in sea, in sky.

Comedy of Errors, Act II. Sc. 1.

LIII.

A father

Heightens his reputation, when his son

Inherits it, as when you give us life,

Your life is not diminished, but renewed

In us when you are dead, and we are still

Your living images.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

LIV.

The sinne's conception is the soul's consent,

The birth of sin is finished in the action ;

And custom brings it to its full perfection :

Oh ! let my fruitless soul be barren rather

Than bring forth such a child !

QUARLES.

LI.

Παιδευτέ', ὦ χθών Ἀγγλική, τοὺς ἐκγόνοὺς·
 ποῦ σοι χερῶν θησαυρὸς ἐργατῶν δίχα ;
 πόθεν δέ σοι γένοιτ' ἂν ἔρκος ἀσφαλές ;
 ἀνδρῶν γὰρ ὄντων ἐστ' ἀπρόσμαχος πόλις.

LII.

Ἄλλ' αἱ γὰρ αὐθαδεῖς τε καὶ περισκελεῖς
 μάστιγι θείᾳ πως ἐπλήχθησαν φρένες,
 ὀρίζεται πᾶν, ὧν Θεοῦ λεύσσει κύκλος,
 ἐν οὐρανῷ τε γῇ τε καὶ πόντου μυχοῖς.

LIII.

Παῖδες μὲν ἀνδρὶ τοῦ κλέους σωτήριοι·
 ψυχὴν δ' ὁμοίως αὐτὸς οὐκφύσας γόνον
 οὐ μή τι βλάβῃ, μηδέ περ θανῶν ἀφῇ·
 εἰκὼν ἔτ' ἐμπνεῖ προστεθείσα τῇ σπορᾷ.

LIV.

Ἀμαρτία ξυμφᾶσά γ' ἡ ψυχὴ τί πως
 κύει τε κὰν τῷ δρωμένῳ λοχεύεται· *
 ἢ δ' αὖ ξυνήθης γ' οὖσ' ἀκμὴν ἱβης ἔχει·
 φεῦ. πῶς ἂν κενή μοι μάλλον ἢ γνώμη μένοι
 ἔργου τ' ἄτεκνος παντὸς ἢ μήτηρ κακῶν.

LV.

If wisdom is our lesson, and what else
 Ennobles man? What else have angels learned?
 Grief! more proficient in thy school are made
 Than genius or proud learning e'er could boast.

YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts*.

LVI.

So far and truly you have discovered to me
 The former currents of my life and fortune,
 That I am bound to acknowledge you most holy;
 And certainly to credit your predictions
 For what is yet to come.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER'S *Island Princess*.

LVII.

God said unto him, "Shine!" and he broke forth
 Into the dawn, which lighted not the yet
 Unformed forefather of mankind,—but roused
 Before the human Orison the earlier
 Made, and far sweeter voices of the birds.

BYRON'S *Heaven and Earth*.

LVIII.

Who can, when pleasures knock
 Loud at the door, keep firm the bolt and lock?
 Who can, though honour at his gate should stay
 In all her masking clothes, send her away,
 And say, Begone! I have no mind to play?

COWLEY'S *Fragments*.

LV.

Καὶ δὴ διδακτὸν ἦν τὸ σωφρονεῖν τινά·
 (καὶ τοῦ φρονεῖν τί μᾶλλον ὄρθωσεν βροτούς ;
 ἢ τοὺς ὑπερθε δαίμονας ;) τοὺς πλείονας
 εὖροις ὑπ' ἄτης ἂν διδαχθέντας σοφούς,
 ἢ τοι φύσει φρονούντας ἢ πρὸς τοῦ μαθεῖν.

LVI.

Ἐφηνας ὧδε πάντα νημερτῇ λόγον
 ὅπως κατέζων πρὶν, τίνος κυρῶν τύχης,
 ὥστ' ἔστ' ἀνάγκη πᾶσά σ' εὐσεβῇ νέμειν,
 τεκμήριον τοῦτ' αὐτ' ἔχοντι σῆς φρενὸς
 ὥς θεσπιφδὸς τὰπιόντα δέρκεται.

LVII.

Λάμπειν προεῖπ' ὁ θεός· ὁ δ' εὐθὺς ἥλιος
 ἦξεν δι' ὄρθρων, μηδέ πω σκήψας φάος
 τὸν μὴ φυτευθέντ' εἰς βροτῶν ἀρχηγενῇ,
 ὕμνους παλαιοὺς ὤρσε τοὺς οἰωνόθρους,
 ἡδίων' ὁμφὴν τῆς παρ' ἀνθρώπων κλύειν.

LVIII.

Τίς δ', ἣν ποτ' ἀνδροβρῶτες ἡδοναὶ θύραν
 κόψωσι, κλείθρα προσβαλεῖν φερέγγυος,
 ἣν προστατῇ καὶ τῶν πυλῶν ἔτ' ἡ ἀρετῇ
 ἡ ποικιλείμων ; τίς δ' ἀπεννέπειν, ἵτε
 συθέντες· οὐκ ἔμοιγε τοῦ παίξιν μέλει ;

LIX.

Such is the world's great harmony, that springs
From order, union, full consent of things :
Where small and great, where weak and mighty, made
To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade :
More powerful each, as needful to the rest,
And in proportion as it blesses, blest.

POPE'S *Essay on Man*.

LX.

Pryde is root of eville in everie state,
The sourse of sinne, the very feend his fee,
The head of Hell, the bough, the branch, the tree,
From which do spring and sprout such fleshlie seeds,
As nothing else but moane (sorrow) and mischief breeds.

GASGOIGNE'S *Fruits of War*.

THE END.

LIX.

Ἐὼδ' ἐρρύθμισται πάντα γῆ τε κούρανῶ,
 εὐκοσμα, χάρμόζοντα, χώμόφων' ὅλως·
 ὑπηρετεῖν τοι, δεινὰ μὴ πάσχοντ', ἔφν
 τὰ βαί'. ὁ μείζων τ' οὐκ ἐπιδραμεῖν θρασὺς
 τὸν ἀσθενῇ· κράτιστα δ' ὦν σὺν τῷ πέλας
 ἅπας ἂν ὀρθοῖτ', εὖ ποιῶν δ' ἂν εὖ πάθοι.

LX.

Κρηπὶς τὸ γαῦρόν ἐστι παντοίων κακῶν·
 πηγὴ τόδ' αἰεὶ τοῦμπλακεῖν, καὶ τῶν κάτω
 ἀλαστόρων ἄδωρα δῶρ', Ἄδου δὲ καὶ
 τὰ φίλταθ'· ἔρνη τοῦτο καὶ κλάδους κάτα
 καρποῖ ποθ' ὧδ' ἀναγνον ἐξάνθουν στάχυν,
 ἄτης ὅθεν πάγκλαυτον ἐξαμῶ θέρος.

ΤΕΛΟΣ.



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